



FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED



Entered according to the Act of Congress, in the year 1878, by FRANK LESLIE, in the Office of the Librarian of Congress at Washington.

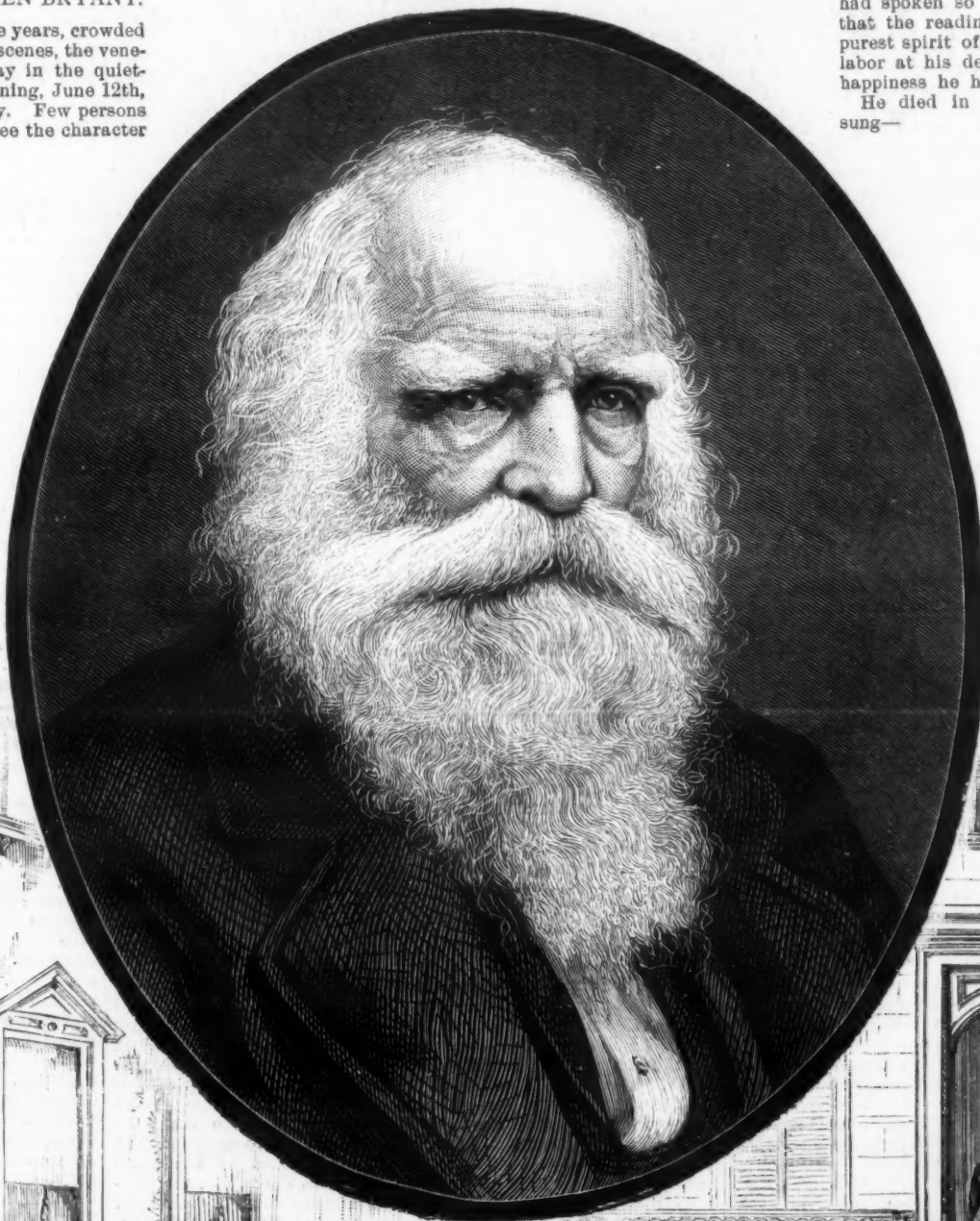
No. 1,187—Vol. XLVI.]

NEW YORK, JUNE 29, 1878.

[PRICE, WITH SUPPLEMENT, 10 CENTS. \$4.00 YEARLY. 12 WEEKS, \$1.00]

THE LATE WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.

AFTER a career of over four-score years, crowded beyond the average with busy scenes, the venerable poet-journalist passed away in the quietness of sleep, on Wednesday morning, June 12th, at his residence in New York City. Few persons have ever filled to so large a degree the character of a man of the times. As day unfolding on day developed a new page in the volume of human and political progress, his pen and speech gave prompt alarm when danger was imminent, and in hopeful, cheerful, robust measures toyed with the fancy, educated the aesthetic taste, and threw the glamour of supreme goodness to the uttermost of his vast influence. A poet, true, conscientious, progressive, loving to loiter through the labyrinths of the muses, his well-stored mind had that earnest, practical phase which guarantees equal shelter to fancy and to fact. As a journalist he was ever apt with the questions, the necessities, the troubles, the encouragements of the day. He was bold and aggressive in the enunciation of his positive convictions; he was tender-hearted and sympathetic in the reprehensions his convictions dictated.



He loved the world and the people in it. He had spoken so sweetly and kindly to all people, that the reading universe, regarding him in the purest spirit of fraternity, paused in its round of labor at his death to recall the brightness and happiness he had produced.

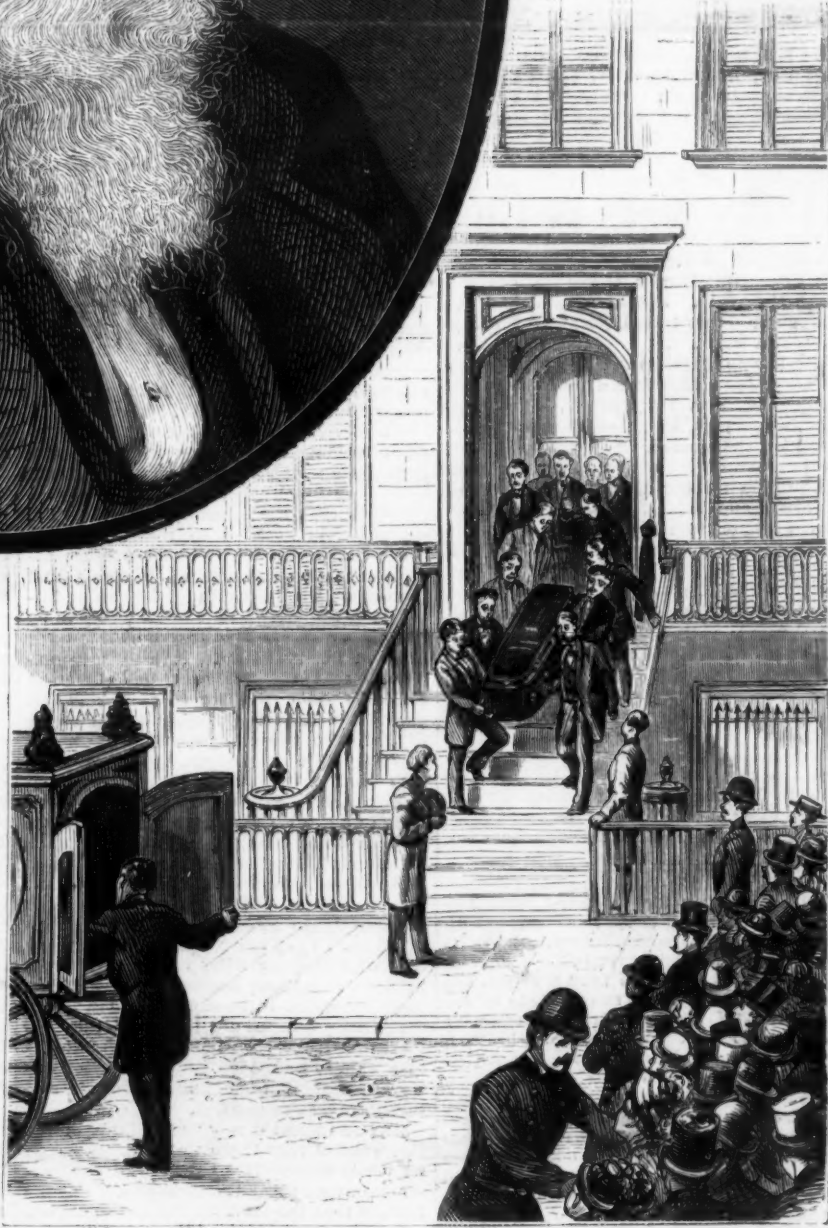
He died in his favorite month, for he had sung—

"I gazed upon the glorious sky,
And the green mountains round,
And thought that when I came to lie
At rest within the ground,
'Twere pleasant that in flowery June,
When brooks send up a cheerful tune,
And groves a cheerful sound,
The sexton's hand my grave to make,
The rich, green mountain turf should break."

The immediate cause of his decease was a fall he sustained on May 29th, shortly after he had delivered the oration on the occasion of the unvailing of the bust of Mazzini, in Central Park. He was affected by the sun, and, while disclaiming all fatigue, he accepted the invitation of General Wilson to accompany him to his residence, No. 15 East Seventy-fourth Street, for rest and refreshments. Going up the steps of the house, Mr. Bryant held General Wilson's arm. The outer door, which is a double one, stood half open. Stepping into the vestibule with his daughter to open the inner door



SCENE OF MR. BRYANT'S FALL, NO. 15 EAST SEVENTY-FOURTH STREET.



REMOVING THE BODY FROM THE RESIDENCE, NO. 24 WEST SIXTEENTH STREET.

THE LATE WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY FREDERICKS & O'NEILL.
[THE LAST PICTURE EVER TAKEN OF MR. BRYANT.]

with his latch-key, General Wilson left his guest leaning against the outer door post. Scarcely a second had elapsed before a sound attracted the General's attention, and, turning, he just caught sight of Mr. Bryant as his head struck the platform step. He had fallen directly backward, and the lower part of his body lay inside the vestibule. He was taken into the house, and after recovering consciousness, he begged to be escorted to his own residence. Before he reached the house his mind began wandering, and with few and short intervals he remained unconscious to the time of his death.

Mr. Bryant was born at Cummington, Mass., Nov. 3d, 1794, his father being Dr. Bryant, an eminent physician of his day. At the age of nine William Cullen began writing poetical effusions, at ten one of his compositions was published, and at fourteen his satirical sketch, "The Embargo," was given to the world. He was intended by his parents for the law, and, after passing through Williams College, he read in the office of Judge Howe, and was admitted to the Bar in 1815.

In the following year "Thanatopsis" was published, although written four years previously. This poem has been justly and universally admired, and Mr. Bryant himself cherished it as one of the best emanations from his pen, even amid the beauties of recent works. He continued the practice of law at Plainfield and Great Barrington until 1821, when, after delivering a poem entitled "Agnes" before the Phi Beta Kappa Society at Cambridge, he determined to enter upon the literary career. Coming to New York City, he first performed editorial service on the *New York Review*, a publication which remained under his charge long after it was merged in the *United States Review and Literary Gazette*.

In 1826 he became attached to the *Evening Post*, under the editorship of William Coleman, and upon the death of that gentleman, Mr. Bryant was placed in control of the paper. He thereupon changed the policy of the paper, and marked out an entirely new course, especially on the question of free trade. Seven years later he took rest from editorial labor in order to devote himself to more distinctively literary pursuits, and entered upon that long list of travels which so distinguished the latter half of his career. His last appearances, of a public character, were in February, 1875, when Governor Tilden and the Legislature of New York gave him very formal receptions in Albany; in June, 1876, when his friends celebrated the eightieth anniversary of his birthday, by presenting him with a magnificent vase; and on May 29th last.

He had been a voluminous author in the lines of prose and poetry, and had done much service as an orator. What he regarded as the greatest work of his later years was the formidable task he set himself in 1865 of adding another to the English translations of Homer. Mr. Bryant was then in his seventy-first year. "The Iliad" was finished in December, 1869, and the "Odyssey" was immediately begun and finished in December, 1871. His entire labor on Homer, therefore, covered about six years. Few men have had the courage or power to achieve at such an age so great a work.

The funeral services were held on Friday morning, June 14th, in All Soul's Church, the pastor, Rev. Dr. Bellows, officiating. The assemblage, which overtaxed the capacity of the church, was remarkable for the number of prominent citizens among it, and also for the great number of aged or elderly men present. Large delegations were present from the Century Club, the Union League Club, the New York Historical Society, the Public Schools Aid Society, the New York Press Club, the Associated Press, the Mazzini Monument Committee, the Italian Mutual Benevolent Society, the Italian Brotherly Society, the Circolo Italiano, and other organizations. Dr. Bellows delivered a touching address, and among the musical exercises the choir sang a hymn written by the deceased. At the conclusion of the unostentatious ceremonies, the remains were taken by the relatives to Roslyn, L. I., where Mr. Bryant had an elegant country seat named Cedar-mere, and interred beside those of his wife.

THE INTEROCEANIC CANAL.—Rear-Admiral Ammen has been invited to open the next session of the American Geographical Society, which meets November 11th, by reading an extended paper which he has prepared, giving the history, objects and possibilities of the various surveys made by our naval officers for an interoceanic canal between the Atlantic and Pacific. In 1874 M. Felix Brouillet, who was sent to this country by the French Geographical Society, published a series of pamphlets urging new surveys of the Darien, Panama and Nicaragua routes as a measure of great international importance, in which he assumed that the work done by Selfridge, Crossman, Lull and others had been barren of results and full of inaccuracies. Admiral Ammen, who has given great attention to the subject, aided by the American Geographical Society, succeeded in proving easily the utter falseness of M. Brouillet's assertions, and he was recalled to France and dismissed in disgrace.

FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER.

53, 55 & 57 PARK PLACE, NEW YORK.

FRANK LESLIE, EDITOR AND PUBLISHER.

NEW YORK, JUNE 29, 1878.

TERMS TO SUBSCRIBERS.

One copy one year, or 52 numbers - \$4.00
One copy six months, or 26 numbers - 2.00
One copy for thirteen weeks - 1.00

POSTAGE FREE.

FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER is the oldest established illustrated newspaper in America.

THE TAP-ROOT OF COMMUNISM.

WE shall perhaps administer a shock of surprise to some of our readers, and provoke an indignant protest from others, when we say that the latest forms of socialism in Europe, of national labor unions and of communistic agitations in America, are but the normal extensions and legitimate outgrowths of the so-called protective policy. He who would see protectionism run to seed has but to read the platform of the "National Labor Party," assembled in convention at Toledo, Ohio, in the month of February last, with its hoarse clamors for more "Government money"; for an enlargement of the currency, which shall be adequate to insure the "full employment of labor, the equitable distribution of its products, and the requirements of business"; for the extension of Government aid to industry "of all kinds," and not, as now, to a few favored monopolies; for the levying of "a graduated income tax," which shall bear on the rich with increasing heaviness, and so insure to the proportional relief of the poor, until, in the end, "the vast army of idlers who, under the existing system, grow rich upon the earnings of others," may be banished from the face of the earth.

Who does not see that these crudities of financial and economical unwisdom are dressed in the borrowed clothes of the protective system, and who shall deny to these harlequins of Toledo the right to parade in the livery they have selected from the protectionist wardrobe? It should not surprise any one who has read the fable of Menenius Agrippa that there should be such flatulence in the belly of society, when the whole head is sick and the whole heart is faint under the pressure of chronic malady and constitutional disease. For long years the magnates of capital and the leaders of political opinion in some parts of the country have been invoking the patronage and favor of Government in behalf of particular branches of domestic production. And they have professed to invite this patronage and favor as much in the interest of labor as in the interest of capital. What wonder, then, that the workmen's unions should insist on the logical extension of this doctrine to labor of all kinds; and what wonder that the laborer, finding himself omitted in the distribution of the rewards promised by protection, should jump to the conclusion that he is not protected enough? The laborer's "strike" for higher wages is the dumb expression of his protest against the economic law of supply and demand regulating the price of labor. The riots of the last Summer were the wild and furious expression of the same protest, formulating itself with frenzy, but still borrowing inspiration and impulse from the idea that the laborer, as well as the capitalist, is entitled to receive "something for nothing." When the State assumes the prerogative of creating and protecting the branches of human industry, it is no wonder that those who live by their labor should hold that the State owes them at least a living. It is not to be expected that the ignorant and laboring classes should be wiser in their day and generation than the children of light and capital, who have been calling upon the Government to help them. It is quite true that the former sometimes act blindly and foolishly, like Samson, pulling down over their own heads the roof that protects them, and involving themselves as well as their imagined enemies in a common ruin; but it is because, like Samson, they feel that their eyes have been put out, and that the Philistines are making a mock of their infirmities. They are conscious of hurt, but they do not know what it is that is hurting them. Having learned, however, from their superiors in wealth and intelligence that Government aid is a good thing to "set the wheels of industry in motion," they suppose that it is the fault of the Government if their hands are idle and their larders are unfilled.

And so indeed it may be the fault of the Government that these things are so—nay, we verily believe it is the fault of the Government that these things are so. But the fault is that the Government has disturbed the rightful relations of capital and labor, not by protecting the former too little but by protecting it too much. The laws of

political economy are as remorseless as the other laws of nature. They will take their revenge on those who violate them, and the revenge they take is meant in benevolence rather than in wrath, for it is meant to teach by experience the wisdom which men are so slow to learn from the dictates of truth and righteousness. When the capitalist has his eyes opened to see that the policy of protection is as ruinous in practice as it is false in theory, he will have learned obedience to the laws of nature by the things he has suffered; and when the laborer shall have his eyes opened to see that in assailing capital, instead of assailing a false theory of public economy, he is sawing off the limb of the tree on which he has placed the ladder by which he aims to climb, there is reason to hope that he, too, will make his quarrel with false politics, and not rush madly against the infrangible bounds of property and the inexpugnable bulwarks of social order.

RAILROAD TRANSPORTATION.

NEW YORK has for a long time had just cause to complain of the treatment received at the hands of the railroad companies whose lines centre in and about this city. The interests of the metropolis have been seriously imperiled and its business ruined by the unfair discriminations which the railroad corporations have made to the exclusion of New York. The merchants of the city have witnessed the growing evil, and have urged numerous measures to prevent the drawing away of their trade to other cities, but so far all their efforts seem to have been useless. A strong influence was brought to bear upon the State Legislature at Albany last session to secure the enactment of a law providing for an investigation into the methods of railroad management in this State. The resolution was passed in the Assembly by a strong favorable vote, but in the Senate the influence of the railroad magnates was all powerful, and the resolution was defeated. It was only the most persistent endeavor on the part of the friends of the measure that prevented the adjournment of the Senate without taking a vote upon the resolution. Those in the interest of the railroad struggled hard to prevent a vote, the closeness of which justified the apprehensions they had of the measure being carried.

The reason of so bitter an opposition on the part of railroad officials to a measure intended to inquire into their method of conducting the affairs of the roads they control, is plain enough, even to the most careless observer. The railroads are not desirous that the schemes and plans which have been carried out, to the detriment of New York, should be inquired into, much less known. To prevent this the companies availed themselves of every device and means. The efforts of the Chamber of Commerce of this city to have the measure adopted, were denounced as a communistic movement against capital invested in railroads. Upon this charge the report of the Special Committee on Railroad Transportation, to the Chamber of Commerce, says such an absurd charge will only react upon those who give it currency, for the record of the Chamber of Commerce is such that it can never be accused of making unjust war upon any interest. A suggestion is made in the report which is worthy of consideration, for the time seems to be near at hand when some such course must be adopted. The committee recommend that if the railroads chartered by the State refuse to do justice to the public, the merchants and real estate owners of New York City must join hands with the producing, manufacturing and mercantile interests throughout the State in an effort to compel them to do so. The claims made by New York merchants, and which have been ignored by the railroad managers, will strike every fair-minded person as only just and reasonable. It is asked that New York shippers to the West shall have equally low rates with other seaboard competing cities, and that the opposite policy which has been founded on the illogical arguments that the distance in case of one city is considerably longer than from New York, and the freight should, therefore, be less; and in the case of other cities the distance is shorter, and the freight should therefore be also less. It is also asked that the foreign freight arriving at this port shall not be forwarded to the West at lower rates than the same class can be shipped from a warehouse in New York City. The classifications made by the railroads should be in all respects as favorable for New York shippers as for any other seaboard city, or for through foreign freight. The present classification should be so modified in the interest both of the railroads and of commerce, that special contracts could only be made under a uniform and impartial rule, available alike to all, car-loads being the maximum quantity required to secure the lowest rate. In addition to these claims, the local rates charged to citizens of this State should bear a just proportion to those charged on

through business to citizens of other States. In none of these demands is there any claim to what this city is not fairly entitled from the managers of the railroads located in this State.

The doctrine that the natural advantages of New York City must be abrogated at the dictation of Western railroads, in order to prevent a railroad war, if followed, will tend to drive our merchants to other cities, reduce the value of property in New York, and will impair the credit of our municipal government. The unfair discrimination in freight has already begun to work this effect, and a continuance of it will complete the ruin not only of the business interests of the city, but of the railroads themselves. The water routes, it is true, bring to New York a large revenue, but the vast jobbing trade of New York can only be retained through the aid of the railroads. This branch of trade has already been largely diverted, as is particularly noticeable in the drygoods, grocery, hardware and other leading trades; the falling off in these pursuits being enormous. The actual money loss is not, however, the least injurious feature of the situation, the loss of prestige being even more than hurtful.

The "difference in freights" is constantly used as an argument against New York merchants doing a jobbing trade, and it is this class of people who most severely feel the disastrous consequences of the unfair dealings of the railroads. The fact that the exports of New York are so large, is sometimes considered a refutation of the claims that she is suffering any loss from freight discrimination. But most of the produce exported merely passes through New York on its way to a foreign market, yielding but little profit to New York, while a jobbing or distributive trade of smaller proportions is much more remunerative.

AN APOSTLE OF SERENITY.

THE influence of physical surroundings, not only in temporarily affecting the spirit and character of an individual, but in molding and characterizing the spirit of an entire people, as exhibited in their literature from one age to another throughout their national existence, is relied on by M. Taine as a principal clew to the analysis and understanding of the spirit of English literature. He finds throughout that literature pervading it everywhere a tone, albeit sometimes an undertone, of profound sadness, even of gloom. Nothing else, he points out, could be expected from a nation isolated on an island, from which the view so often is not of the sun or sky or any cheerful aspect of nature, but of the leaden hue of fogs and clouds, the city streets darkened at noonday, requiring artificial light, and the remorseless irresistible sea beating upon the unresisting shore. Blended with this gloom is undaunted, patient, hopeless courage, and towards the woman and the weak proud constancy and devotion. The influence of descent was only a fit groundwork for such characteristics. The sea kings, if they had not learned to love hardship and danger, and to expect and to meet death defiantly, had never been sea kings. The women even rose to the passion for courage, and the earliest sagas depict the womanly contempt for a lover whose sword had not tasted slaughter and whose flesh had not borne painful wounds manfully. To the influence of climate and of descent now add religion and the turmoils of government, and we have about all the sources of great national impressions. As to religion, the bloody altar of atonement, supplemented with the *dies irae* of an eternal judgment, did not tend to nurture frivolous souls nor a superficial literature. As to the government, it is conceded that only since 1688 has it reposed upon law. Before that the sea kings were struggling for it. So that there remained the original impress of courage, of duty and of despair on the national spirit. Taine insists that not even in the English novelists nor humorists does light-hearted wit appear. There is always a sermon or a lash underneath the pathos or the scorn.

We have been led to think of these profound sources of influence upon natural thought and literature by the universal recognition of the prevailing sober supernatural tone of Mr. Bryant's poetry. His "Thanatopsis," written at nineteen, contained his soul and demonstrated his genius. Always a man of secular occupations—a lawyer, justice, editor, political writer, as well as poet, most of his life a denizen of a crowded city, in a material self-seeking age, as it is said—he was still, in his inner thoughts, always evidently "Waiting at the Gate," to use the title of one of his poems—waiting from boyhood till it should open and close for him. But there is no gloom in his thought. If there were no death in the world, he who should discuss it would properly be deemed a fanatic and unsafe man. Inasmuch as death is the one event which comes to all quickly, remorselessly, it is not possible to conceive of a nobler spirit in which to contemplate it than that characterizing Mr. Bryant's poems. He is of too honest a soul

to pretend not to see the ancient gate; he is not enough of a fool to make himself drunk from fear at what he sees, or weak enough to attempt or desire to pass beside it. In advance he makes his grave among all the beautiful elements of nature, he makes his bed with kings, he makes his choice of the seasons, he takes with him the recollection of human love and laughter, and in imagination, before he does in reality, wraps the drapery of his couch about him and lies down to pleasant dreams. He said to a friend that he had thought the whole matter over, and he was satisfied that if ever man woke from that dream it would be for his good and not for ill. In fact, in this more or less disagreeable workaday world, is it entirely safe to resign ourselves to this charm of Mr. Bryant's far-seeing spirit? May we not, like an apostle, only too strongly feel that it is far better to depart?

But the thought with which we began this article well nigh escapes us as we lose ourselves in this "Thanatopsis." It was a thought of gratulation that the influences of climate, of descent, and of government and religion in this New World have only tended to the more tender, cheerful, though still philosophic, spirit of Bryant. He is by no means its sole possessor. Indeed the feeling of duty and of high devotion and cheerfulness, in view of humanity and heaven, has found high expression in the lives and works of enough of our public guides to characterize in this spirit our literature. The same philosophy, the same comprehension, the same calm and devotion is seen in Washington at the head of our statesmen; and among others is Abraham Lincoln. Whittier and Longfellow are not divided in spirit from their dead master. And no doubt they represent their people. Courageous, loyal, temperate, they will seek no wild career of conquest or injustice. And our great lakes and mountains have caught too many smiles of sunlight, and our forests and glades have imprisoned for the people too many serene secrets of thought, to make it possible that gloom should ever become a national characteristic, if there is anything in the influences of climate upon character.

THE BERLIN CONGRESS.

THE world does move. Galileo's memorable phrase has a deeper meaning than even he attached to it. The truth involved in it, that civilization advances, has been most recently and most strikingly illustrated by the Congress at Berlin. The sole fact of its meeting is well designated by the *Courier des Etats Unis* as a capital event and a victory of civilization. It is the acceptance and the consecration of the principles of arbitration for the solution of problems that war alone used formerly to settle. It is a triumph of internationalism over nationalism, of solidarity over isolation, of right over might. It admits that a nation, however powerful she may be, can not build up her fortunes at the expense of the rest of the world, and, finally, that Europe has right of control over combinations and ambitions which tend to destroy the equilibrium by the development of an exclusive dominion. The New York *Herald* rightly regards the Congress as a remarkable instance of the realization of diplomatic possibilities in the face of apparently insurmountable difficulties. Never perhaps has the peaceful discussion of a great question been brought about under such conditions as those that lately darkened the political horizon of Europe. From out of the smoke of a great conflict diplomacy has drawn the Eastern question into the peaceful precincts of the Berlin Congress hall. The courtesies of the council-room and the glitter of royal hospitality will smooth and brighten the road to peace. Doubtless, under the presidency of Prince Bismarck, who, because he has the power to make war, is, perhaps, the best peacemaker, the deliberations of the Congress will tend to consolidate a lasting peace. It would be rash, however, to predict now what may yet be the result of these deliberations. Of course they will not be affected, in this matter-of-fact age, by incidents that in old Roman days would have been regarded as bad omens at the start, such as the almost simultaneous attempt to assassinate Kaiser Wilhelm, the indisposition of the Czar, the alarming illness of the Czarina, and the thunderstorm that burst over the Radziwill Palace as the plenipotentiaries drove to their audience with the Crown Prince on Wednesday last. The rain pouring down upon their diplomatic costumes and the State carriages, with richly comparisoned horses, and outriders and footmen in imperial livery. It is probably not with any serious design of averting the effect of such omens, or of securing protection against witches, or even against German Socialists, that the plenipotentiaries have been seated at a horse-shoe table in the hall where the Congress holds its sessions. Yet the belief in a mysterious connection between a horse-shoe and good luck is very ancient, and it is not extinct in modern times. This table, by-the-by, is covered with the

traditional green cloth, and it stands in the centre of the hall. The chairs around it are covered with green leather, while about the sides of the hall are arranged chairs covered with red silk, in keeping with the rich carpeting on the floor. The buffet is tastefully decorated with hot-house plants. It was at twenty minutes past two o'clock, on Thursday, June 14th, that the German flag was hoisted over the palace, betokening that the Congress had opened. All the special envoys, except two of the three members of the Turkish delegation, were present in full court dress. Lord Beaconsfield arrived last, perhaps to remind everybody of the Biblical prediction that the last shall be first. But the Powers were represented at the table in alphabetical order, according to their French names, thus: Germany, Austria, France, Great Britain, Italy, Russia, and Turkey. Curiously enough, Prince Gortschakoff and Lord Odo Russell are brought side by side, as representatives of the two recent opponents in the late war, Russia and England. Prince Bismarck was significantly nominated by Count Andrássy to be permanent President of the Congress. If a venerable appearance is a sure sign of wisdom, there is no lack of it on the part of the three most conspicuous figures in the august conclave. Bismarck is distinguished not only by the three "distinct and single" hairs on his head, long since made so familiar by the German comic papers to the universal public, but also by wearing, instead of a mustache, as formerly, a white beard, which makes him look older than ever. Gortschakoff seems very feeble, and leans heavily on his cane. And Beaconsfield resembles a galvanized mummy.

On what a pinnacle are both Bismarck and Beaconsfield standing at this moment! It is by virtue of the prestige won by conquering France and imposing on her a heavy war indemnity, which she has already nobly paid, and keeping up a vast military establishment, a still heavier burden for Germany herself, throughout a period of commercial distress and popular discontent and perils from Socialist violence, that Prince Bismarck, declaring that Germany has domestic foes but no foreign foes, can appeal afresh to the patriotic impulses of the Fatherland, and enter the Congress as the arbiter of the Eastern Question. The Earl of Beaconsfield has likewise won, against heavy odds, a dazzling position in the eyes of England, Europe, and the world at large. His quondam unpopularity at home has been transformed as if by magic, into immense popularity by the fact that he has induced England, after the British lion has slept for so many years, at least to show fight. By summoning to Malta the Sepoys of the Empress of India, and by his firm attitude against Russia, he has restored England to her ancient prestige in the councils of Europe. As even the New York *Tribune* admits, "by dexterity, bravado and pertinacity, he has forced Russia to recede from her position and to lay the Treaty of San Stefano unconditionally before the Congress." That he delivered in English, by special request, his extraordinary speech on Thursday, is a little detail not without historical significance.

It is too soon to predict what will come of the Berlin Congress. Many difficult problems which it will have to discuss are still enveloped in obscurity. But the universal confidence that it will find a peaceful solution for them is itself of good augury. Experience has shown that peace, if it be the result, will be apt to last for some time. And in its manifold blessings not only Europe, but the United States, will share.

LABOR AND EMIGRATION.

THERE is great excitement in the South over the proposed emigration of negro laborers and their families to Liberia. Monrovia lies only about twenty days' sail from Charleston, and when the bark *Azor* sailed from the latter port, a few days since, for her trip across the Atlantic, she had to put back three times in order to land the numerous stowaways who had managed to creep in between the decks. The negroes had become thoroughly impressed with the delusion that Africa was a land where men grew rich without working—where nature spontaneously furnished shelter, food and wealth—where even Uncle Sam's fabled gift of "forty acres and a mule" would be daily outdone by the living realities of the new El Dorado. It is an easy task to infect a credulous people with such golden stories, and when once they are thoroughly imbued with what is false, it is as impossible to make them listen to any suggestion about the trials and dangers of a new land and an unaccustomed climate. It is said that two hundred thousand of the Southern laborers are ready to emigrate whenever the necessary means of transportation are furnished.

It is evident that the South can not afford to lose this amount of labor. Most white men of the working class believe that they are totally unfitted to perform outdoor

labor in the tropical regions of our country, and they are almost universally opposed to working side by side with the negro. This may be mere prejudice, but it exists and must be recognized. At some future day the white man, who has built the railroads in almost every section of the land, may learn that there are no dangers of our climate which he can not safely defy. In the meantime, however, the South needs all the help it can get in the way of labor and emigration, and can not afford to make rash experiments in colonizing Africa. The Southern States have never begun to take full account of their capacity for production. Their fertile soil has been merely scratched over by indolent hands. Untold wealth in the way of agricultural production underlies its broad acres. It can yield its regular staples, and then, in addition, supply food enough for the nation. It has room for a much larger population than it has ever proposed to concentrate there, and the opportunity for creating wealth of which it has never dreamed. The acreage of all the States has increased very largely since the war, without any particular effort to bring the change about, and yet there is room for a much more abundant harvest. A little infusion of energy has shown what can be done there in the way of manufactures. Atlanta, the spindle city of the South, has built up a business, since the war, which threatens to leave some of our Eastern cities fairly in the shade. At other points the same experiments have resulted in proving that the South not only can feed herself but can clothe her people as well. It is plain, also, that the acquisition of great wealth from these sources is only a question of time and energy. But in order to the full development of the South, there must be an abundance of labor; and while the indoor work can readily be done by white men, the negro must of necessity be the field hand for some generations to come. If he is not the best of workmen, he is the most available. Thoroughly acclimated and accustomed to the labor required, his absence would be a real loss that would be severely felt. While deprecating the mischief that might be wrought by his sudden emigration to Liberia, we do not believe that the present movement is anything more than a sudden outburst of enthusiasm, coupled with visions of prospective ease and riches. There is no good reason why the colored people should desire to leave our Southern section. There they were born and there they have made their home for one or two centuries. Under the new régime they have their freedom, their rights as citizens, and their liberty of action like other men. The law of the South is no respecter of persons, and they have nothing to complain of as to theory or practice. It would seem that, under such circumstances, the experiment of snapping the ties that bind them to their homes would not be very successful. The negro has no oppression to complain of, no wrongs to right. He lives, acts, votes, worships, as he will—always provided that he keeps within the borders of the law which alike limits all.

We could wish that the Southern people were a little more widely awakened to this labor question, because their opportunities for increase of production are so great. Too much can not be said in favor of their soil and in praise of their natural advantages. They have had great drawbacks in the last twenty years, it is true; but, with them, the past is ended, and is buried. Their future ought to be—and will be—grand beyond their present conception. To realize it the sooner, they need all the labor they can secure, and must invite immigrants to their borders. It is not a field for speculation, but for energetic labor that will be sure to repay a hundred or a thousand-fold. When its advantages are fully understood, it will need no proclamation to attract thither all the population it needs. In the meantime we trust there will be no sensible diminution in the volume of its labor, which is coequal with the volume of its products.

At the banquet given in Paris by the members of the Circle National to the delegates of the foreign sections at the Exhibition, M. Gambetta chiefly sought to show the advantages of the Exhibition from the standpoint of international relations. He thanked the representatives of foreign nations for the confidence Europe had shown in the word of France—a confidence which is the pledge of the relations which bind nations with each other. "It is on account of this confidence," said he, "that when France declared her policy to be altogether one of peace, for peace, and for the fruits of peace, nobody from the north of Europe to the utmost limits of the extreme east doubted her word." In thus expressing himself, M. Gambetta marked, with his usual accuracy, the difference of the relations which now exist between France and the foreign Powers from those which existed prior to the Republic. Now the word of France is doubted by no one, because it is really the word of France, and not the word of a sovereign who might, without consulting the country, suddenly involve it in an adventurous policy.

Prince Bismarck has kept in the background, but he has made his influence felt, and Count Schouvaloff returned to England with his concessions backed up by the German Chancellor. "Disraeli," said the Prince, "is, I have no doubt, very clever,

but he seems to me a very reckless man. He is ready to sacrifice Europe in order to insure a personal triumph over the English Opposition. This may be a necessity of his position, but it is not of mine, and I take the liberty to prefer the peace of Europe to a long and serious war in Europe in order that Mr. Disraeli may remain the master of England.

It is stated that Sir Joseph Whitworth has invented armor-plating impenetrable to any missiles now employed. This armor is composed of "fluid-compressed steel, and is built up in hexagonal sections, each of which is composed of a series of concentrated rings, around a central circular disk." A target nine inches in thickness was built on this principle, supported by a wood backing against a sand-bank. A Palliser shell weighing 250 pounds was then fired at it, at a distance of only thirty yards, with 50 pounds of pebble-powder. The shell broke into innumerable fragments, and the target was driven 18 inches back into the sand. The target itself was absolutely unhurt, though the apex of the shell, a mass of some eight pounds weight, stuck fast in it. If these results should be obtained in further experiments, the batting will have beaten the bowling again, and an ironclad could pass any fortress.

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

Domestic.

THE Piutes have joined the hostile Bannocks on the war-path.

THE House of Representatives have passed the Bill for the erection of a barge office at the Battery, New York.

FRANCE and Italy have accepted the invitation of the United States to take part in the proposed Monetary Conference.

THE Ohio State Republican Convention met at Cincinnati, June 12th, nominated a State ticket and adopted a platform.

A MOTION was made before Judge Barrett, on June 14th, to quash the indictments of the fifteen members of the New Board of Aldermen.

THE Bar Association of New York has advocated the consolidation of the Marine and District Courts, and the passage of a National Bankruptcy Law.

THE House of Representatives has adopted, by a vote of 235 to 14, a report of the Judiciary Committee that the present Congress has no power to reverse the declaration of the last Congress as to the President's title.

THE President has nominated ex-Governor Reuben E. Fenton, of New York; William S. Groesbeck, of Ohio, and Francis A. Walker, of Connecticut, to be United States Commissioners at the International Monetary Conference.

DIPLOMAS were presented to the graduating class of the Military Academy of West Point on June 13th, the President, Secretary of War, General Sherman and Sheridan, and many other distinguished people being present.

THE United States Senate, on the 12th inst., passed a substitute for the House Bill to repeal the Resumption Act. The substitute provides that United States notes shall be received as duties on imports, and in payment for the 4 per cent. bonds, the same as coin.

THE Executive Committee of the Socialist Labor Party have issued a circular announcing that members who have associated themselves with military organizations occupy a position of hostility to the principles and policy of the party; and requesting all members to withdraw from such military connections.

A LEASE for the New York Academy of Music has been signed between Mr. Morton, representing the directors, and Mr. Mapleson, of London. It is understood that Mr. Mapleson will open the Academy for a season of Italian opera about the middle of October, with Marie Rose, Mme. Gannessa-Pisani, Signor Frapoli and other artists of equal reputation and European celebrity.

Foreign.

IN consequence of the success of the Liberals of Belgium in the late elections, the Ministers have resigned, and M. Hubert Frère-Orban, a distinguished statesman, has been intrusted with the formation of a new Cabinet.

IT is reported that it is proposed to extend the period of the appointment of Lord Dufferin as Governor-General of the Dominion of Canada twelve months, on account of his great popularity in the Dominion, and in recognition of his administrative ability.

THE news from Thessaly indicates the probability of a renewal of the Greek insurrection. This is said to be in consequence of the discouragement of the Greeks at the reported understanding between England and Russia, which they believe to be fatal to Hellenic interests.

AT a large meeting of weavers at Blackburn, England, it was unanimously resolved to resume work at the 10 per cent. reduction. It was also arranged to hold meetings of employers at various mills throughout East Lancashire, on Monday, June 17th, to ascertain the general feeling on the subject.

IN Quebec, striking workmen became so demonstrative on June 12th that the militia were called out, and the Riot Act was read. The mob plundered a large flour store, attacked various buildings, and refused to disperse until the soldiers had fired upon them. Additional troops were ordered from Montreal, but at last accounts the strikers appeared subdued.

THE European Congress assembled in Berlin, on Friday, June 14th, under the Presidency of Prince Bismarck. It is reported that Russia and Austria have reached an agreement, and that Turkey has made valuable concessions to England. Hostilities are said to have been renewed between the Montenegrins and Turks, and the revolt of the Mussulmans is extending.

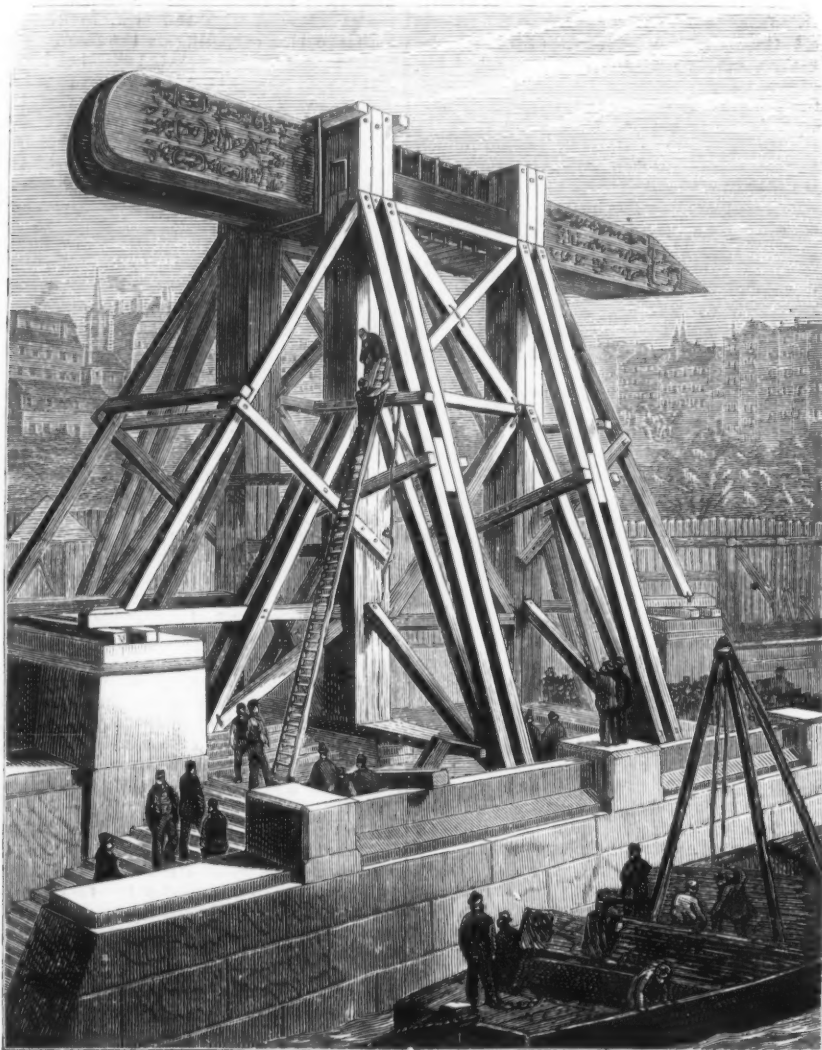
M. BON-LOUIS-HENRI MARTIN, the historian of France, has been elected to fill the vacancy in the Academy caused by the death of M. Thiers, defeating M. Hippolyte A. Taine by a vote of 18 to 15, and M. Ernest Renan the author of the "Vie de Jésus," has been elected as the successor of the late M. Bernard, defeating Senator Wallon, the historian, by a vote of 18 to 15.

SEVERAL thousand Russians have arrived in Roumania, from Russia, during the past few days and have taken positions on the line of post facing the southern outlets of the Carpathian Passes between the rivers Argisk and Sereth. Troops from the Dobruja are also crossing the Danube for the purpose of camping upon the high ground on the Roumanian side, as much sickness prevails south of the river.

The Pictorial Spirit of the Illustrated European Press.—SEE PAGE 283.



FRANCE.—THE PARIS EXHIBITION—WAITING TO HEAR THE CLOCK, IN THE SWISS PAVILION, STRIKE.



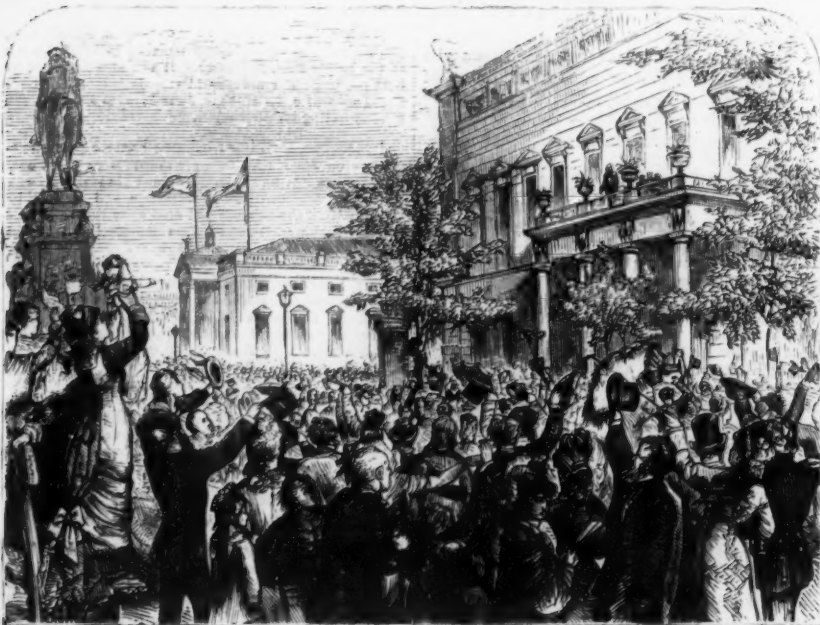
ENGLAND.—MACHINERY FOR PLACING CLEOPATRA'S NEEDLE IN POSITION ON THE THAMES EMBANKMENT, LONDON.



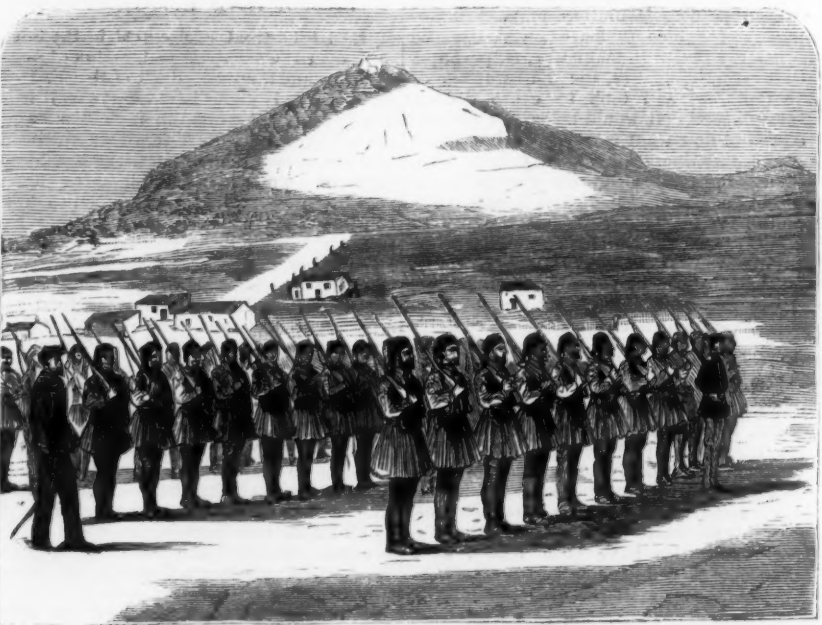
GERMANY.—HOEDEL FIRING AT THE EMPEROR, UNTER DEN LINDEN, BERLIN, MAY 11TH.



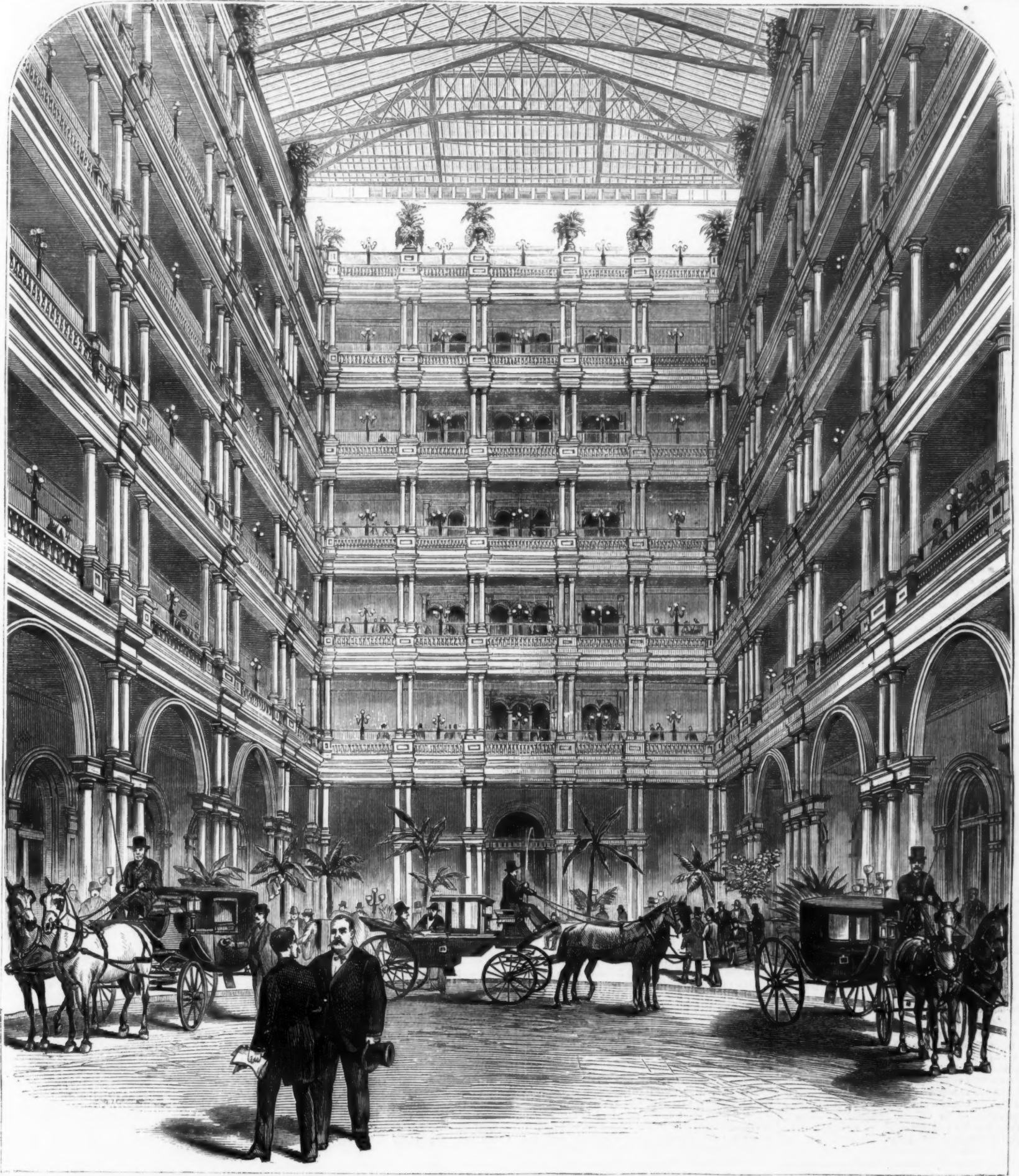
GERMANY.—ARREST OF HOEDEL AFTER FIRING AT THE EMPEROR, UNTER DEN LINDEN, BERLIN, MAY 11TH.



GERMANY.—POPULAR DEMONSTRATION BEFORE THE IMPERIAL PALACE, BERLIN, AFTER THE EMPEROR'S ESCAPE, MAY 11TH.



GREECE.—NATIVE HIGHLAND TROOPS DRILLING IN ATHENS.



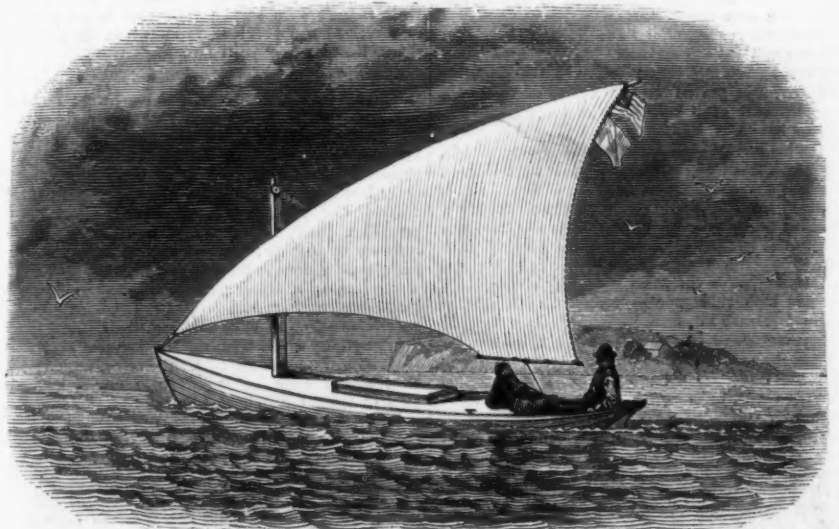
CALIFORNIA.—GRAND COURT OF THE PALACE HOTEL, SAN FRANCISCO.—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY OUR OWN PHOTOGRAPHER.

THE GRAND COURT
OF THE
PALACE HOTEL, SAN FRANCISCO.

NO picture can quite give an idea of the sunshiny lightness and brightness of effect which is one of the strongest attractions of the Grand Court. A space of one hundred and forty-four by eighty-four feet is laid out in a smoothly paved, circular carriage sweep, and in a broad promenade tiled with black and white marble; and upon this sidewalk under the shadow of the first balcony, open the high-arched windows of the dining and breakfast-rooms on the right hand, and on the left the offices and gentlemen's lounging-rooms. All day the court is full of carriages coming and going, and the great hotel coaches discharging their load of travelling humanity; nor does it ever lack its groups of idlers, in the armchairs and settees plentifully scattered around and under the shadow of the bananas and palms, which, planted in great tubs around the club, give a flavor of the tropics to the picture. With its arched glass roof, this court is open to all, the ten months' sunshine of the Californian year, and sheltered from the rains of the remaining two; and it affords a charming resort and promenade for the guests which no other American hotel has as



MARYLAND.—THE LATE MR. THOMAS WINANS, OF BALTIMORE.—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY BACHRACH. SEE PAGE 282.



MASSACHUSETTS.—DEPARTURE OF THE DORY "NAUTILUS," THE SMALLEST VESSEL THAT HAS EVER ATTEMPTED TO CROSS THE OCEAN, EN ROUTE TO FRANCE, FROM CITY POINT, SOUTH BOSTON, JUNE 30.—FROM A SKETCH BY CHAS. E. DAVIS.—SEE PAGE 282.

yet offered. It is similar to the court of the Grand Hotel in Paris, but even the most loyal lover of France and French belongings of whom our party boasts is obliged to confess that the copy has in every respect surpassed the original.

Six tiers of balconies look down upon this inclosure, circling all the four sides, and every balcony has its row of twenty candelabra, affording clusters of gas-jets, which flood the court with a brilliancy rivaling daylight. The parlors open upon the first balcony, and the large French windows of the inner bedrooms also give upon it, securing light and ventilation to each one. Brightest and pleasantest of all the six is, perhaps, the upper gallery, whose balustrade is bordered with great arms of tropical plants and bright flowers, and which catches the first of the sunbeams, and holds them longest through the day. Almost all families resident at the hotel have their suites of rooms on this upper floor, where the children can run riot in a playground almost equal to a city park. And then the view from the windows, when one wearies of the court inside, is, perhaps, the finest to be had in San Francisco; the picturesque steep streets, Rincon, and Clay, and Telegraph; hills crowned with houses, Lone Mountain with its cross, the mission hills beyond the city limits, and the bay circling around it all.

The court is gayest, perhaps, of a Monday evening, when the guests hold their informal reunions in the great parlors, and when all the galleries are lighted up, and the band plays its best; for every one between the dances drifts out for a promenade on the gallery, where the air is cooler and the music sounds fuller and sweeter, and there are not wanting cozy little corners, with broad velvet sofas, that invite just two and no more.

THE POINT OF HONOR.

A STORY OF THE PAST.

SHORTLY after Waterloo had been fought, an English regiment (which had taken a distinguished part in that great victory), stationed in a Mediterranean garrison, gained an unenviable notoriety there by a sudden mania for dueling that broke out amongst its officers, and which threatened to become so chronic in its character as seriously to interfere with the discipline of the corps. Quarrels were literally "made to order" at mess-time for the most trifling affairs, and scarcely a day passed without a hostile meeting taking place, which the colonel—a weak-minded man—expressed himself powerless to prevent. Indeed, he had already been sent to "Coventry" by his superiors, which, as our readers doubtless know, is a kind of social excommunication that, when acted upon in an English regiment, generally ends in the retirement from the corps of the individual on whom it falls. It was so in this instance, for the colonel saw that the vendetta-like conduct of his officers towards him was gradually divesting him of all authority in the eyes of his men; and as he had none but his social inferiors to whom he could turn for council and advice, he was compelled to relinquish his command and return to England. On arrival in that country he lost no time in proceeding to the Horse Guards, where he sought and gained an interview with the Duke of Wellington, to whom he gave a graphic account of the state of affairs which existed in the regiment he had just left.

The Iron Duke listened attentively to the narration, and knitted his brow in anger as the colonel related the story of the dueling; and, when the latter had finished speaking, he exclaimed, in an unmistakably stern and uncompromising tone:

"It is your fault, sir! You should have brought some of the ringleaders to a court-martial, and cashiered them on the spot. You have sadly neglected your duty, and that is a thing which I never pardon."

The colonel left the Horse Guards in a very crestfallen state, and he was scarcely surprised when he saw in the next *Gazette* the announcement that "His Majesty had no further need of his services."

In the meantime the duke had obtained a special audience of the Prince Regent, to whom he explained the condition of affairs in connection with the regiment in question. The result of the interview was that Colonel A—, a well-known martinet, then on half-pay, was sent for, and the circumstances explained to him; the prince offering him the command of the regiment on condition that he would undertake to cure the dueling propensities of its officers. Colonel A— was delighted at the prospect of active service, and he willingly accepted the task assigned to him, it being understood that he was to be granted a royal indemnity for anything serious which might happen to anybody else in his endeavors to put a stop to the dueling. He was a man of high reputation, and had previously held other difficult commands, being known throughout the army as a good soldier but a stern disciplinarian.

Such was the old soldier's feelings at the special honor conferred on him that, on leaving St. James's Palace, he actually forgot to return the salute of the sentinels posted at the gates, to the great astonishment of the latter, who knew his punctilious habits.

On his arrival at the garrison he lost no time in making himself acquainted with his brother-officers. He had already laid out his plan of action in his own mind, and was fully determined to allow nothing to swerve him a hair's-breadth from the path of duty. At the mess-table he behaved with studied politeness and amiability of manner; and his subordinates indicated that they were greatly pleased with their new commander. He chatted pleasantly with all, from the senior major down to the youngest ensign, and when the cloth was removed regaled them with the latest gossip and doings of London society. Before they separated for the night, however, he took the opportunity of informing them, in a very quiet manner, that he had heard of the frequent duels which had lately taken place in the corps, and that it seemed a matter of regret to him that they could not manage to live in peace and amity.

"However," he said, "if it be your wish, gentlemen, to fight out your quarrels in this way, I shall interpose no obstacle to your doing so. But this can only be by your pledging your word of honor now, to the effect that in future no duel shall take place without my permission having been

first obtained. As I am your colonel, it is necessary that my authority should be acknowledged in all that relates to the honor of the regiment."

The officers looked at each other and then at the colonel, and a somewhat embarrassing silence ensued; but it was broken by Colonel A—, who said:

"Don't be afraid that I shall refuse your request; on the contrary, I shall only be too pleased to grant my permission if, on examining the facts of the case, I find sufficient reason to think that the applicant's *amour propre* has been wounded, and that a hostile meeting is indispensable."

At these reassuring words the young fire-eaters were satisfied, and at once gave the promise demanded; and Colonel A— then retired to his chamber, where, overcome with the fatigue of a rough voyage, he soon found himself snugly ensconced in the arms of Morpheus.

On the following morning he was rather rudely awakened from a refreshing slumber by a loud rapping at his chamber-door; and, on challenging his early visitors, he was informed that it was Captain Lord Vellum and Ensign Warbottle who wished to speak to him on a matter of the gravest importance.

"You might have chosen a more convenient hour for your visit, gentlemen," said the colonel, who was naturally loath to rise from his bed at five o'clock on the first morning after his voyage.

"It is an 'affair of honor,' colonel," was the significant reply, "and cannot be delayed. We beg you will admit us instantly."

The colonel rose and opened the door to the early comers. They were two handsome young men, who had on the previous evening already attracted Colonel A—'s attention by the extreme friendliness which they exhibited for each other. They respectfully saluted their commanding officer as they entered the room, and the latter broke an awkward silence by demanding of them the object of their visit.

Ensign Warbottle again raised his hand in salute as he replied:

"We have come to ask your permission to fight, colonel."

"Indeed!" exclaimed Colonel A—. "I thought you were great friends."

"Yes, colonel, we have been most intimate friends from our youth upward," said Lord Vellum, "and we respect each other very sincerely; but we have had a dispute, and our wounded honor must be satisfied."

"Then I presume that something very serious must have occurred, gentlemen, to make the only remedy for it a recourse to the pistol?"

"It is indeed a very serious matter, colonel," replied Ensign Warbottle; "and it is this. After you had left the table last night we chatted over what you told us about the doings in London lately; and, in the enthusiasm of the moment, I remarked that I should like to be there, riding at the head of a troop of Life Guards, and escorting the Prince Regent, with my silver helmet glittering in the sun and my drawn sword in my hand. Whereupon Lord Vellum said, with a sneer, that I was a feather-bed soldier, and that a leather helmet would be quite good enough for such as I. I took no notice of this remark, but I was annoyed and excited; and when he further asserted that the officers of the Life Guards wore brass helmets, human nature could stand it no longer, and I gave him the lie. He retaliated by striking me on the face; an insult, colonel A—, which justifies me, I think, in demanding a hostile meeting."

The last words were said in a manner which admitted of only one meaning, and the two young officers exchanged glances of mutual hatred and defiance.

"It is indeed grave, gentlemen," sententiously remarked the colonel; "the helmets worn by the officers of His Majesty's Life Guards are neither silver nor brass, but white metal lacquered with silver-gilt; but this information will not, I presume, alter the position of affairs. Do you still wish to fight the question out?"

"Certainly, sir!" exclaimed the two officers.

"Very well," replied the colonel, gravely; "far be it from me to interpose any obstacle to your meeting, gentlemen; but this duel must be a serious one, as belittles so important a question as the Life Guards' helmets, and not an affair resulting in a mere scratch, as I am given to understand is generally the case in these mess quarrels. Remember that you are British officers and not Spanish braves, and that the honor of a British officer can only be vindicated by the death of his opponent. Go, gentlemen, and fight your duel; and I will meet the survivor on his return."

The two young men saluted the colonel and retired. A few minutes afterwards they and their seconds were seen hurrying off to the place of meeting—a spot which is known in the garrison to this day as "Duel Avenue."

Three hours later, Colonel A— went down into the parade-ground to inspect the regiment, and he was surprised to see both Lord Vellum and Ensign Warbottle amongst the officers who approached him to give the morning salute. The latter had his arm in a sling; and to the stern inquiry of Colonel A— as to whether the duel had yet taken place, he replied, with a forced smile lighting up his face: "Yes, colonel; my lordship has given me a nasty scratch in the arm."

"A scratch in the arm!" exclaimed the colonel, contemptuously. "And do you call that fighting, gentlemen—do you call that fighting? And for so important a question as the helmets of His Majesty's Life Guards! Bah! it is nothing! This matter must be fought over again, under pain of instant dismissal from the service if my order be disobeyed!"

"But—" began Lord Vellum, attempting to express his satisfaction at the reparation his wounded honor had received.

"But me no buts, gentlemen!" exclaimed the colonel, angrily. "I have the Prince's instructions on this point, and it is for you to vindicate your own honor in a proper manner, or retire disgraced from His Majesty's service."

This alternative was one not to be thought of; and it need scarcely be said that the young fire-

eaters chose rather to fight again than be cashiered. The duel was fought again, and this time Lord Vellum was shot through the body—a wound which laid him on a sick-bed for two months.

During this long period many quarrels had taken place at the mess-table, some of which had been settled by the colonel acting as "arbitrator"; and others stood over for his permission to fight—a permission which he refused to grant until the result of Lord Vellum's illness should become known. In the meantime Colonel A— had communicated with the Duke of Wellington, from whom he received explicit instructions to carry the matter to the bitter end, as the only means of putting a stop to a matter which was fast becoming a world-wide scandal.

Lord Vellum was carefully attended to during his illness by his "friend and enemy," Ensign Warbottle, to whose efforts Lord Vellum not only owed his life, but was enabled at the end of the two months to take a short walk every morning. His recovery then proceeded rapidly, and he soon became enabled to walk without any support whatever.

The two friends were walking together one morning, when they suddenly found themselves face to face with Colonel A—.

"Ah, gentlemen, good-morning!" exclaimed the latter. "I am delighted to see his lordship out again, especially as it will now enable you to finish your *affaire d'honneur* in a more satisfactory manner."

The young officers, scarcely believing their own ears, were for a time struck dumb with astonishment, and they gazed at each other and at the colonel with looks of bewilderment and despair.

"You see, gentlemen," said the colonel, gravely, "that this question of the Life Guards' helmets is of such importance that I deemed it advisable, since his lordship's illness, to write to the Duke of Wellington on the subject; and I have here His Grace's orders that the duel should be renewed again and again until the life of one of the combatants has been forfeited." As he spoke, Colonel A— drew from the breast-pocket of his coat a large letter, bearing on its envelope the words "On His Majesty's Service" in large black letters, and in one corner the notice in red ink, "Very Urgent."

"But," said the young ensign, "his lordship has not recovered yet; besides—"

"When one can walk," interrupted the colonel, "one can also fire off a pistol; and it is not conducive to the interests and dignity of the service that so important a question as the equipment of His Majesty's body-guard should any longer be left undecided."

The two young officers, who had cemented their friendship anew during the period of illness, here took each other's hands and gazed long and silently into each other's face. Colonel A— turned away to hide his emotion; for being really possessed of a kindly disposition, he began to regret the stern and unbending part he had been called upon to perform. Brushing the signs of his weakness away from his eyes, he turned once more towards the young officers and said:

"Gentlemen, I have orders from England to supersede you in the regiment to which we all have the honor to belong; and I am only to waive the execution of these orders on condition that the duel is renewed, as already stated. Your honor is absolutely in your own hands, and you must choose your own course. I leave you to decide, gentlemen, what that course shall be, and bid you for the present adieu."

So saying, the colonel left the two friends to decide upon their own fate. They ultimately decided to consult with their brother-officers on the subject, and to be guided by the general opinion. This opinion turned out to be in favor of another fight; and they once more proceeded to the place of meeting, each mentally resolving not to injure the other, but each exchanging portraits and letters for their friends. The fatal weapons were discharged, and Ensign Warbottle fell to the earth with a shot buried in his heart.

The grief of Lord Vellum knew no bounds, for he had been led to believe that the balls had been withdrawn from the pistols. He threw himself on the inanimate body of his friend, and could with great difficulty be removed therefrom. At length he was conducted to the house of a married officer; and from there he indited a letter to Colonel A—, tendering his resignation, and reproaching the latter with the death of his friend.

The same afternoon, Colonel A— assembled the other officers, and addressing himself especially to those whose applications to fight were in suspension, declared himself ready to grant one more permission on the same conditions as the other, namely, that "for honor's sake" the combatants should fight to the death. In the pause which ensued, one officer after another saluted the colonel respectfully, and then retired as silently as they came, leaving him alone in the mess-room, and master of the situation.

It was a rude lesson which these officers had received, but it fully accomplished its purpose, and from that day to this dueling has been almost unknown in the British army.

THE LATE THOMAS WINANS.

THOMAS WINANS, the well-known millionaire, of Baltimore, died at his summer residence, at Newport, R. I., on Monday morning, June 10th, after an illness of six months' duration, aged 59. The bent of his mind found expression even when a child in the nursery, where he sought amusement in building diminutive railroads and running toy-trains upon them. To his father's desire to encourage him in this direction it was due that when he became a lad he was set to work at a lathe in the machine-shop, where he served a regular apprenticeship. The Russian Minister at Washington had noticed the skill of Ross Winans, and encouraged him to send his son to St. Petersburg to compete for the contract for equipping the new railroad. When the vessel in which young Winans sailed arrived at St. Petersburg, the czar and a party of officials drove down to the pier to see the ship unloaded. Thomas, a tall, strapping young man, in a red shirt

with trousers tucked in his boots and armed with a crowbar, was bossing a party of laborers who were unloading a locomotive. He worked and talked at the same time, and his frank, open manner, powerful physique and thorough knowledge of his trade so impressed the imperial sightseer that he turned to one of his officers and said: "I like that fellow in the red shirt." As soon as the work was well under way the czar offered him an independent contract, telling him at the same time that he need not give bonds, as his simple word was sufficient.

Ross Winans soon retired from business, and Thomas Winans, together with the Harrisons, the Eastwicks and the Whistlers, all Americans, secured the virtual control of the Russian railway system and everything connected with it.

In conjunction with Messrs. Harrison and Eastwick, Thomas Winans obtained the most extensive contracts for the furnishing and running of locomotive cars, etc., for which the Russian Government paid immense royalties. For several years Winans's share of the profits were \$80,000 a month, or close on to \$1,000,000 per annum. During the Crimean war the firm held special contracts for the transportation of troops, horses, and war material of all kinds. Their profits were enormous, the Russian Government, in settling, paying them several millions over the contract price in consideration of extra work. Mr. Winans and his partners subsequently sold out their interest to an English firm for a sum variously stated at from \$5,000,000 to \$7,000,000.

From the close of his Russian career up to the time of his death, Mr. Winans was absorbed in the study of new inventions of the most diverse and heterogeneous character. His "cigar-steamboat," modeled in the form of a cigar, was planned by him during a temporary confinement following an explosion of fireworks on his front lawn on a Fourth of July. He devised a great improvement in the construction of organs, invented a tubular adjustment by which young trout could be more readily fed, built a chimney one hundred feet high to ventilate his Baltimore dwelling, put together an ingenious machine in his study for the diffusion of a proper amount of moisture through the atmosphere, and at the time of his death was building two gigantic organs to be used for open-air concerts.

DEPARTURE OF THE "NAUTILUS" FOR EUROPE.

THE dory *Nautilus*, which sailed from City Point, South Boston, on Monday, June 3d, is the smallest boat that has ever attempted to cross the ocean. She was built by Higgins & Gifford, Gloucester, Mass., and is nineteen feet over all, fifteen and a half on bottom, and twenty-seven inches deep. The sail contains twenty-five yards light duck or drilling, bent on a boom twenty-three feet long, two and a half feet in diameter, and is what is called lantern rig. Her mast is eight feet long above deck and eight and three-quarter inches in diameter, the hoisting and lowering movement being identical with that of a jib on a schooner. Her other sails consist of a square storm-sail of five and a half yards, rigged on a boom nine feet long, and a still smaller one of one and a half yards—the *last resort*—which is bent on to a rope running from the masthead to the traveler, like a topping lift. She is copper-fastened throughout, is buoyant as cork, and weighs about five hundred pounds in complete rig. The *Nautilus* contained only two persons, the Andrews brothers, who expect to reach the other side in safety, and then exhibit their diminutive craft in Paris.

CONSECRATION OF REV. DR. SEYMOUR AS BISHOP OF SPRINGFIELD, ILL.

THE Rev. George Franklin Seymour, D.D., LL.D., Dean of the General Theological Seminary and Professor of Ecclesiastical History, was consecrated Bishop of the Episcopal Diocese of Springfield, Ill., at Trinity Church, New York, on Tuesday morning, June 11th. There was much fine music, and a service in which bishops, priests, deacons and theological students, to the number of two hundred in all, and hundreds of the laity, participated. The Astor reredos and altar were brought into bright prominence by a calcium light placed above the organ opposite the chancel. Upon the altar were a cross, two tall lighted candles and two vases of flowers, as well as the bread and wine to be used in the communion service. The seats on both sides of the main aisle were reserved for the clergymen. Admission to other parts of the church was by ticket. Students of the General Theological Seminary of the Protestant Episcopal Church occupied the front seats.

The procession, after threading with difficulty the dense throng of people in the south aisle, made its way slowly through the denser throng near the great door of the church to the centre aisle, up which the bishops led the way to the chancel, while the organ pealed a fine accompaniment to the processional hymn: "The Church's One Foundation." The bishops ascended to the sanctuary, while the remainder of the clergy, with the exception of the bishop-elect and his attendant priests, filed into the pews which had been reserved for them in the body of the church on either side of the centre aisle. The bishop-elect sat in a chair facing the altar. On his right sat the Rev. Dr. Dix, and on his left the Rev. Dr. Hodges.

Bishop Potter sat in front of the altar, on which stood two vases of flowers, flanked by two lighted candles. On either side of him were Bishop McLaren of Illinois and Bishop Quintard of Tennessee, Western bishops, who were to present their newly elected colleague for consecration. Besides these, there were within the altar-rail Bishop Harper of New Zealand, and Bishops Clarkson of Nebraska, Lay of Easton, Scarborough of New Jersey, Ogdenheimer of Northern New Jersey, Neeley of Maine, and Southgate, formerly missionary Bishop of Constantinople.

The sermon was preached by Bishop Lay, and after the tenor and bass duet, "Now we are Ambassadors," and the chorus, "How lovely are the Messengers," from Mendelssohn's "St. Paul," Bishops Quintard and McLaren received the bishop-elect, who had been accompanied to the chancel by the two attendant priests, and presented him to the consecrating bishop. He was at this time vested in his rochet. Kneeling, he repeated the prescribed promise of conformity and obedience to the doctrine, discipline and worship of the church. Next, after answering the prescribed questions, and bowing his head while the venerable conservator read a short prayer, he was vested with the full episcopal habit, including the lawn sleeves. When thus habited he again knelt while the "Veni, Creator Spiritus" was sung over him. While he yet knelt all of the bishops gathered about him

and laid their hands on his head, while Bishop Potter pronounced the words of consecration. This, with the presentation of a Bible immediately afterwards, completed the service of consecration.

Bishop Seymour then took his place within the chancel, and the regular communion service was begun. The bishop, having received the bread and wine, the presbyters, deacons and theological students followed. This ended the office, and, having formed in procession, the clergy passed into the vestry. There the certificate of the new bishop was signed by those present of like apostolic rank.

Bishop Seymour is about forty-eight years of age, and was born in this city. Having been graduated from Columbia College, he entered the General Theological Seminary in 1851, taking Holy Orders in 1854. Dr. De Koven, of Racine, was a classmate of his, and Dr. Morgan Dix, Bishop Armitage and Bishop Paddock were in the Seminary at the same time. The early part of Dr. Seymour's ministry was spent in mission work in this diocese. At one time he was rector of Christ Church, Hudson. For a long period he was warden of St. Stephen's, a church school, at Annondale, in this State. Thence he went to St. John's Parish, in Brooklyn. He was, later, pastor of St. Mark's, New York. Recently he has held the office of Dean of the General Theological Seminary.

In 1874 Dr. Seymour was proposed as a candidate to fill the position of the late Bishop Whitehouse, of Illinois, but obtaining only a numerical majority of the house of clerical and lay delegates, and not a majority of the votes of the standing committees of the diocese, he was defeated. Last December Dr. Seymour was the choice of the Episcopal Convention of the new diocese of Springfield. But he then declined the honor, saying his friends believed he could best promote the interests of the church by remaining Dean of the Seminary. Recently, however, he was urged to reconsider his determination and did so, naming St. Barnabas Day as the time and Trinity Church as the place of his consecration.

Dr. Seymour is a small but rather thickly set man, with light complexion and hair. He is slightly bald and keeps his face smoothly shaven. He carries his head slightly on one side and has a defect in one eye. He is unmarried.

VIEWS IN HOWE'S CAVE.

HOWE'S CAVE is situated in the town of Cobleskill, Schoharie County, N. Y., thirty-eight miles from Albany, and immediately on the line of the Albany and Susquehanna Railroad. It was discovered May 22d, 1842, by Lester Howe, after a year of diligent search, and has since been fully mapped and explored. The main cave extends between two strata of lime rock, from north to northwest, nearly three miles, and is full of picturesque and interesting scenes, two of which we illustrate. The "Stygian Lake," more than a mile from the entrance, is nearly one-fourth of a mile long, from two to sixteen feet deep, the water being remarkably transparent, and is crossed by a boat, carrying twenty persons in safety. The roof and rocky walls of the lake are hung with stalactites, one of which, called "the harp," gives out musical sounds on being gently struck with a stick. Throughout the entire cave deposits of clay, in some places thirty feet deep, cover the water-worn rock, and in one of the small lateral caves, near the entrance, large quantities of barytes are found. The temperature of the air is uniformly about forty-eight degrees Fahrenheit, and strong currents of air, changing direction sometimes daily, prevail constantly. The best time for visiting the cave is from May till October, and from December till February. The cave gives name to a post-office and station on the Albany and Susquehanna Railroad, is but a short distance from Cooperstown, Sharon and Richfield Springs, and is readily accessible by main lines of travel from all parts of the country. All the "modern improvements," including gas, have been introduced in the cave for the convenience and enjoyment of visitors, and at its entrance a spacious and commodious hotel, commanding beautiful views of the Cobleskill Valley, has been erected.

The cave is but three minutes' walk from the station. Visitors can leave New York City on the evening boat or train, arrive at the cave at nine o'clock the next morning, and after remaining eight hours at the cave, can return and arrive in New York the next morning. Hon. J. H. Ramsey, of Albany, is the owner of the property.

MEMORIAL SERVICES OF THE GRAND ARMY OF THE REPUBLIC.

ON Tuesday evening, June 4th, Ford's Opera House, Baltimore, was the scene of an intensely impressive and quite an unusual ceremony. As the storm of Decoration Day interfered greatly with the programme arranged by the various Posts of the Grand Army of the Republic for the annual tribute to deceased soldiers and sailors, it was resolved by the members of Wilson Post to take a further occasion to celebrate, especially the burial service of those of their own ranks departed, combining with it the features of the regular memorial service for all the Union dead in Loudon Park.

For this ceremony the auditorium was decorated with national flags draped over proscenium-boxes festooned on the galleries and swinging from wall to wall on right and left. A palisade of roses and lilies encompassed the foot-lights, whose brilliancy shone through the green lace-work of masses of tall and feathery ferns. The stage was set as a Moorish palace. In chairs of burnished metal and dark woods sat the officers from Fort McHenry in their brilliant uniforms of blue and gold, and at the extreme right and left were silk-covered divans occupied by the ladies and gentlemen who took part in the exercises that followed.

Near the centre of the stage stood two immense clusters of wild flowers, gathered fresh from woods and meadows. These were the most conspicuous, as well as the most beautiful, objects in all the decoration, and the effect at a distance of the masses of crimson cactus and clumps of pinks and roses among the fronds of fleecy goat's-beard spirea, long-stemmed daisies and ferns and twigs of mountain laurel, was equal to the finest floral mosaic work in elegance. All the floral decoration was done by Mrs. Henry Stockbridge and her niece, Miss Montague, and although they had very little time, the arrangement could not have been more pleasing under the circumstances. Nothing could exceed the solemnity and sorrowful suggestiveness of calling the roll of the dead, which took up the first part of the service. The Second Artillery Band, directed by Professor Ferreri, had played a dirge, and the choir of Westminster Presbyterian Church, with Professor T. G. Austin, leader, had sung the touching vocal lament of "Down in the Valley," when, amid a deep silence, the members

of Wilson Post, in their dark-blue uniforms, entered from the rear and marched in double file with a short, quick tread to the front of the stage. Preceding them were eight of their comrades, carrying a coffin covered with flowers, which they placed on a support prepared for its reception. Then they formed in two ranks back of the nine vacant chairs, crape-bound and flower-laden, which bore above them the names of the department members of the Post. Commander Lang, advancing to Adjutant Thomas L. Matthews, asked if there were any records of those now absent from the roll, and thereupon that officer, in a clear and ringing voice, read the names of A. W. Denison, Leopold Blumenberg, L. B. Pierce, Thomas B. Allard, William McMaines, Michael Magee, Charles A. Bishop, Edwin Sandays and J. Nixon Kinkead, giving after each a summary of the service at arms of each, their birthplaces, and when and where they died. Following this the members, with uncovered heads, engaged in a responsive service, the Post Chaplain, the Rev. Thomas L. Poulson, offered a fervent prayer, and while the choir sang the pathetic lines beginning, "Beyond the Smiling and the Weeping," Comrades Lang and Hill and Parker crowned the casket with the evergreens, the rose and the laurel. Succeeding this there was a prayer by the Rev. G. E. Jones, and then came the oration by the Rev. T. J. Holmes of Baltimore, who was a chaplain in the army during the war.

Succeeding the oration were other exercises, including some very fine vocal and instrumental music. Over two thousand persons witnessed this solemn service.

The Young Widow.

NO ONE is more delightful than the young widow, says a writer in *Truth*, and to no one does life offer more distractions. *Femme faite* as she is, she has no need of guardianship, and she can set her own restrictions, close or wide, as may best suit her taste. The utmost that the world demands from her is a maid, if she has not a child; either of whom serves as an efficient buffer when the impetus is too great, and a collision, with consequences, is threatened. In any case she is charming. In the full perfection of her physical well-being, like a ripe peach hanging warm in the noonday sun, the traces of bread-and-butter long ago wiped from her lips, and the impress of knowledge set in the place of inexperience, she has yet that touching air of sadness which casts a softening haze about her, like the subdued light of churches, leaving her consecrated to sentiment and one companion alone, while withdrawing her from vulgarizing gaiety and the herd. The air of sadness is a perpetual challenge, a sharp and spurring provocation. She is something precious and to be won, defying capture and full well knowing that the way to make a thing desirable is to proclaim it difficult. The young widow does not commit mistakes. She has already mated and learned her class-book. She has none of that ignorance which makes girls give with both hands the affection of which the true value lies in the withholding and is not unrequitedly lost in the giving. She knows her own worth, and makes others reckon by her tablets. Having nothing to learn, she has all to bestow; and with money to give and freedom to lose, her surrender is at once a greater triumph and a more complete concession than is the winning of any maiden whatsoever.

The Pecuniary Value of Life.

A CERTAIN amount of expense has to be incurred in any class before a child can attain such an age and such a strength that it can earn its own livelihood. It is very difficult to estimate what the expenses of even a careful man who passes through the ordinary university career must have been before he is able to earn anything for himself. Among the lower ranks the problem is simpler, though the facts and general course of events have, making due allowance for difference in station, a considerable similarity. An English writer says: "The value of any class of lives is determined by valuing first at birth, or at any age, the cost of future maintenance, and then the value of the future earnings. Thus proceeding, I found the value of a Norfolk agricultural laborer to be £246 at the age of twenty-five; the child is by this method worth only £5 at birth; £56 at the age of five; £117 at the age of ten; the youth £192 at the age of fifteen; the young man £234 at the age of twenty; the man £240 at the age of twenty-five, £241 at the age of thirty, when the value goes on declining to £136 at the age of fifty-five, and only £1 at the age of seventy; the cost of maintenance afterwards exceeding the earnings, the value becomes negative; at eighty the value of the cost of maintenance exceeds the value of the earnings by £41." A computation of this kind places the value of a population before us in a new light. We see how great the vigor of the productive activity of the inhabitants of Great Britain must have been which has enabled the British Empire to make such vast strides in material wealth during the past forty years, while parting with so many of the youngest and ablest of the community to colonize other lands, and to carry to them that wealth which their labor would otherwise have been worth to the Mother Country.

Historic Slang.

How COMMON is the expression, "Oh, she is down in the dumps"—that is, out of spirits. This is a very ancient slang phrase, and is supposed to be derived from "Dumpos, king of Egypt, who built a pyramid and died of melancholy," so that the thieves and gypsies are not all to blame for having given us a few expressive words! We next come upon a word full of pathetic meaning for many of us: it is the ghost that haunts and pursues us more or less throughout the year—it is the word "dun." It is a word of consequence, for it is at once a verb and a noun, and is derived from the Saxon word "Dunan," to din or clamor. It owes its immortality—so tradition says—to having been the surname of one Joe Dun, a famous ballad of Lincoln in the reign of Henry VII., who was so active and dexterous in collecting bad debts, that when any one "became slow to pay," the neighbors used to say, "Dun him," that is, send Dun after him. "Draw it mild" and "come it strong" have their origin in music, being the terms used by the leader of an orchestra when he wishes his violin-players to play loud or gently. From this they have passed into synonyms for exaggerators and boasters, who are requested either to moderate their statements or to astonish their audience. The word "coach" in these days is a familiar one, as parents know who have to employ tutors to assist their sons to swallow the regulation amount of "cram" necessary for competitive examination. The word is of university origin, and can boast of a logical etymology. It

is a pun upon the term "getting on fast." To get on fast you must take a coach; you cannot get on fast in learning without a private tutor—*ergo*, a private tutor is a coach. Another familiar word in university slang is "a regular brick," that is, a jolly good fellow; and how the simile is logically deduced is amusing enough. A brick is "deep-red," so a "deep-read" man is a brick. To read like a brick, is to read until you are deep "read." A deep-read man is, in university phrase, "a good man"; a good man is a "jolly fellow" with non-reading men; *ergo*, a jolly fellow is a "brick."

The Earth's Yield of Precious Metals.

ARROPOS of this golden epoch and age of silver bonanzas, we learn from the most reliable sources of information that from the earliest times to the commencement of the Christian era the amount of the precious metals obtained from the surface and mines of the earth is estimated to be four thousand millions of dollars; from the latter epoch to the discovery of America, another sum of four thousand millions was obtained; from the date of the latter event to those of 1852, an addition of nine thousand millions was made; the extensive working of Russian gold mines in 1843, added to the close of 1842, one thousand millions more; the double discovery of the California gold mines in 1848, and those of Australia in 1851, added to the close of last year five thousand millions, making a grand total at the present time of twenty-three thousand millions of dollars. The average loss by abrasion of coins is estimated to be a tenth of one per cent. per annum; and the average loss by consumption in the arts and destruction by fire and shipwreck, at from two to eight millions per annum. The amount of precious metals now in existence is estimated to be thirteen thousand millions of dollars, of which gold furnishes seven thousand millions, and silver the remainder. Of the amount now in existence, eight thousand millions are estimated to be in coin and bullion, three thousand millions in watches, and the remainder in plate, jewelry and ornaments. Of the amount now in existence, seven thousand millions are estimated to have been obtained from America, three thousand millions from Asia (including Australia and New Zealand), two thousand millions from Europe, and the remainder from Africa. Prior to the commencement of the Christian era the annual product of the precious metals was about two millions of dollars; from the commencement of the Christian era to the discovery of America, it was three millions; three hundred and fifty years it attained to twenty-five millions; during the decade immediately succeeding, 1842 to 1852, it was one hundred millions, and since the double discovery of the California and Australia mines, 1853 to 1872, it has averaged two hundred and fifty-six millions of dollars. The annual product of the precious metals attained its acme in 1853, when it was two hundred and eighty-five millions dollars. The increase in the amount of the precious metals in existence has been greater during the last twenty-five years than during the previous one hundred and forty.

PICTORIAL SPIRIT OF THE EUROPEAN ILLUSTRATED PRESS.

The Swiss Pavilion at the Paris Exhibition.

The Swiss Pavilion in the International Street, at the Paris Exhibition, is thoroughly national in its construction, being of wood, tastefully colored and ornamented with the arms of the various cantons, the State motto, "All for one, and one for all," surmounting them all in French and German. The facade is composed of three arches, the centre or entrance being flanked by two side arches filled with stained glass. Above the centre arch is a clock, above which stands two figures of men in armor, who strike the hours, the half hours and the quarters. This performance never fails to attract a large crowd.

Machinery for Placing Cleopatra's Needle in Position.

The work of raising and placing the obelisk on its pedestal on the Thames Embankment, London, has been accomplished by means of a huge timber cradle prepared alongside the Adelphi steps. After the needle was landed upon the cradle it was lifted by hydraulic jacks and moved forward until it lay across the centre of the pedestal. The iron cylinder vessel in which the voyage was made was then cut to pieces and twenty feet in length of the centre part of the obelisk was incased in an iron jacket with protruding arms, resembling the trunnions of a monster cannon. These trunnions rested on two iron girders. A timber scaffolding was then erected with four uprights, each formed of six balks of timber placed three and three together, the ends of the girder fitting into the space between the timbers. Hydraulic jacks were next placed underneath the girders and the whole mass was gradually lifted, the height gained being secured by solid timber packing. When raised to the required height the needle was swung on its trunnions into a vertical position and then lowered on to its pedestal.

Greek Highlanders Drilling at Athens.

The recent war in the East and the political crisis which followed has drawn public attention to the share which Greece could take in a general European war, and to the condition and extent of her military resources. By the law voted at the beginning of this year, the Greek army, on a peace footing, is composed of 25,000 men, all well armed and equipped, the artillery in particular being provided with ordnance of the latest and most approved construction. The soldiers display a considerable aptitude for learning, possess good physique, and are capable of great marching power. Our illustration shows some types of the Greek Highlanders, the troops portrayed at drill belonging to the Seventh Egoines, who represent the best fighting material of Greece. They are under the command of Tinoeou Vassos, aide-de-camp to King George.

Hoedel's Assault on the Emperor of Germany.

The first of the recent attempts on the life of the German Emperor was made by Max Hoedel, on the afternoon of May 11th, when His Majesty, accompanied by the Grand Duchess of Baden, driving from the Brandenburg Gate along the avenue Unter den Linden, reached the neighborhood of Klein Mauer-Strasse, Hoedel fired two shots into the imperial carriage from the sidewalk, without effect, and then ran into the middle of the avenue, whence he fired three more shots from his revolver, and threw the weapon away. He was then seized by a brave woman, wife of a shopkeeper, but broke away from her, only, however, to be again caught by the crowd of persons who had assembled, and by whom he was soon handed over to the police. When arrested he denied having fired at the Emperor, and affirmed that, being out of work, his intention was to shoot himself publicly, so as to draw attention to the condition of the people. This statement is contradicted by two witnesses, who saw the pistol leveled at the Emperor. The venerable sovereign preserved a wonderful coolness after the attack. On his return to the palace

he attended immediately to some State papers, which were awaiting his perusal, and in the evening visited the opera-house and the theatre, where he was received with enthusiastic loyalty. Congratulations on his providential escape poured in from every quarter; thousands of the populace thronged the avenue before the palace, and shouted their thankfulness until His Majesty appeared on the balcony and bowed his acknowledgments; and at night the greater portion of the city was illuminated. The second attack, made by Dr. Nobeling, on June 2d, was, as our readers are aware, of a far more serious character. The locality was about the same. Nobeling, firing from a second-story window of No. 18 Unter den Linden, lodged from thirty to forty shot and small slugs in the face, head, back and both arms of the Emperor. At last accounts, His Majesty's condition was very favorable.

AT HOME AND ABROAD.

—THERE is a terrible famine in the southern part of Morocco, caused by drought.

—SEVERAL new streets in Paris have been named after towns in Alsace and Lorraine.

—It is estimated that North Carolina has spent \$10,000,000 in fencing in \$2,000,000 worth of stock.

—THE scholars in the public schools of London are all hereafter to be instructed how to restore the apparently drowned.

—ALL Austrian soldiers in active service are hereafter to carry a "ticket of identification" and a packet containing material for dressing wounds.

—THE Luxemburgers have cat races. Cats are taken in bags to a point two miles from the city. They are then let out of the bags, and the first reaching the city is winner.

—THE cultivation of the opium poppy, which has hitherto been exclusively confined to the west, bids fair to become thoroughly established, and remunerative in eastern Africa.

—A RECENT trial at Leeds, England, brought to light the fact that the chief material used for the manufacture of cloth for soldiers' great-coats was formed of the tops of old worsted stockings.

—THE Pathological Museum of the Medical Department of Dartmouth College has received from Mr. E. W. Stoughton, the United States Minister to Russia, a gift of models and plates worth \$1,000.

—THE Catholics have bought 7,000 acres of land in Mecklenburg, Va., on which they are going to establish an industrial farm for educating freedmen. The Benedictine Fathers will have charge of the farm.

—THE largest strawberry farm in the world is probably that of John R. Young, Jr., about two miles from Norfolk, Va. He cultivates two hundred and fifty acres, and the yield last season was over 500,000 quarts.

—THERE has lately been discovered in the city library at Lyons, France, a globe of 1701, in which the Zaire Congo River is represented as flowing from a large lake westward to the Atlantic, much in the direction shown by Stanley.

—COLONEL WILD, a Swiss artillery officer serving in the Russian Army of the Caucasus, says that the Russians have lost more men by war typhus since the conclusion of peace than they lost by battle throughout the entire campaign in Asia Minor.

—A NOVELTY is announced from Warsaw. A number of ladies there have formed a joint-stock enterprise under the name of "The Artistic Photographic Company," the whole of the operations of which are to be conducted exclusively by the female sex. The studio they have built is one of the finest in Russia.

—THE Committee of Inquiry into Egyptian revenues has issued a notice at Cairo, summoning all creditors of the Government whose claims exceed £1,000, and who have no judgment from international tribunals, to present their claims with vouchers, within one month if residents, and within two months if living abroad.

—AMONG the Zulus, a nation of the Caffres, according to etiquette, the mother-in-law can not face the son-in-law, but must hide, or pretend to hide, when she sees him. If they meet in the open road, or any other place where she can not hide, she ties the grass around her head as a token she submits to the custom, and is invisible, or pretends to be.

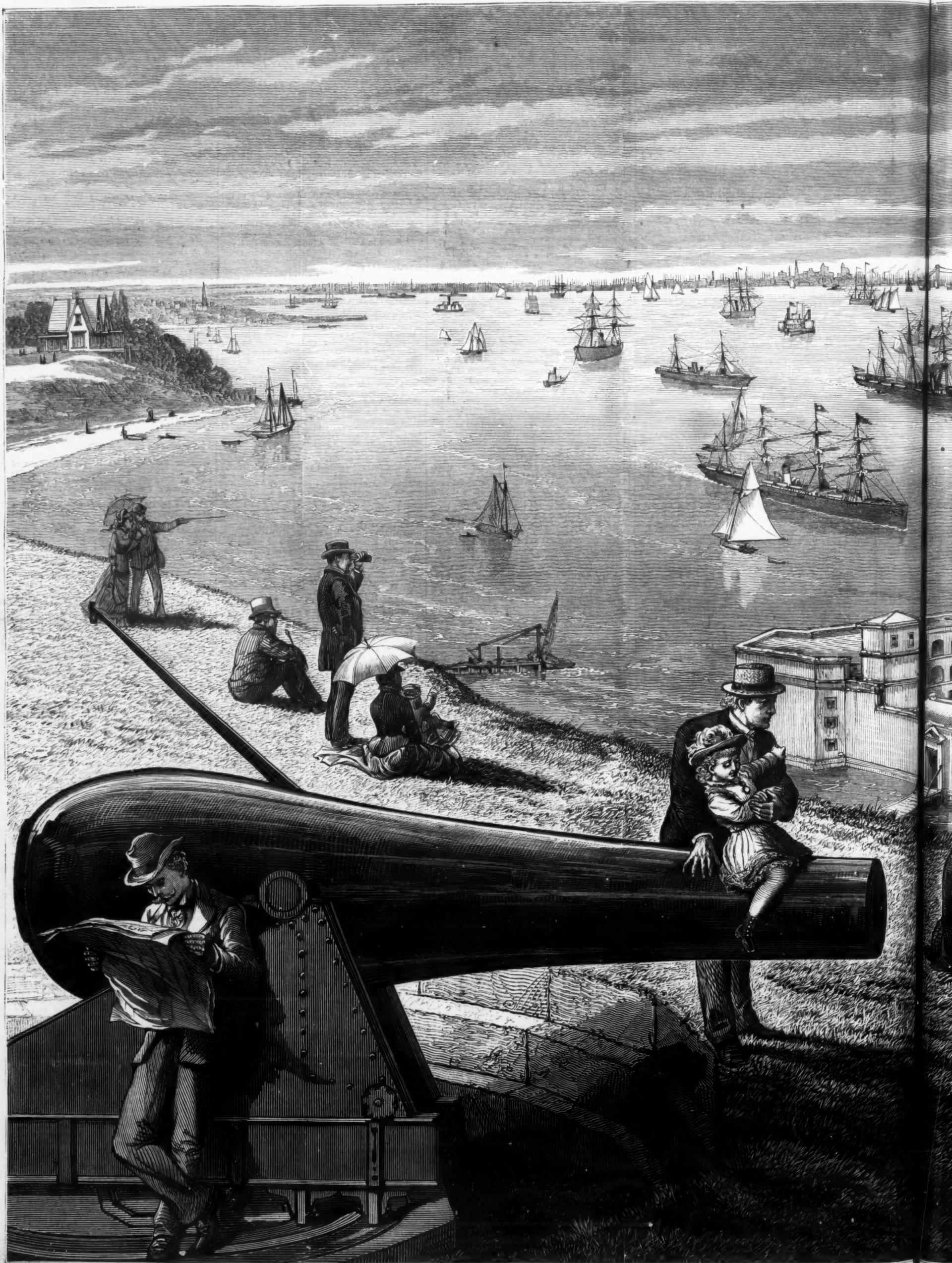
—THE London School Board has resolved to teach girls how to cook. One of the teachers is to give lessons in every Board school on food and its preparation, and the girls will be required to attend. Twenty-one kitchens are to be opened in London and each is to be conducted by a practical cook, with a salary of \$300 a year. Small wages, certainly, if she is to be a good teacher as well as a good cook.

—A NEW electric street-lamp has been tried with much success in London. The lamp is in the rear a semi-hexagonal reflector, and the front is covered by a flattened convex opal glass, so that the intensely brilliant point of light emanating from the carbons is not visible, but instead a glowing white diffused light is very effectively radiated in all directions, giving a soft and very pleasant illumination of all objects in the roadway.

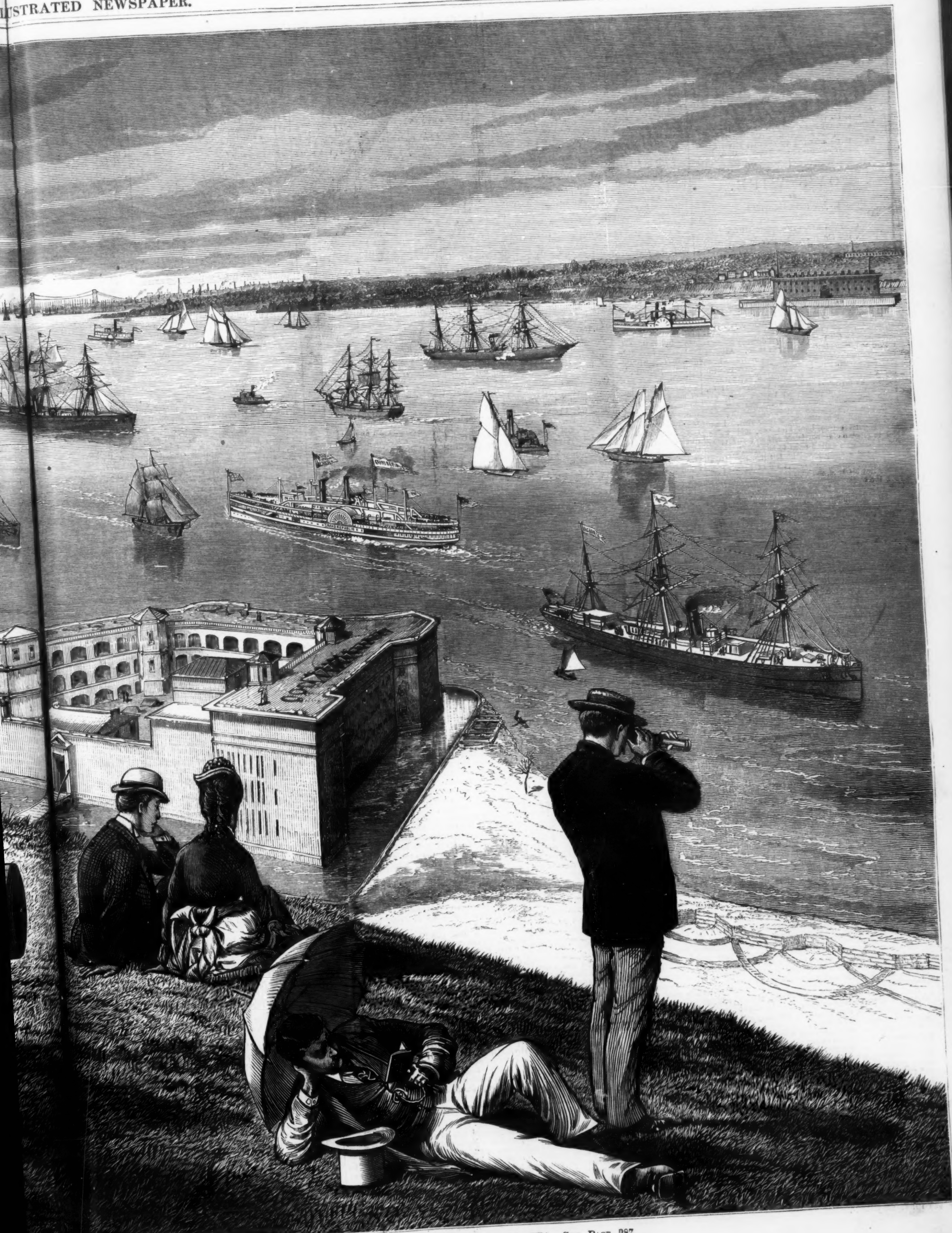
—THE commercial situation of France is not favorable. The official returns of foreign trade for the first four months of 1878, which have just been published, show that the imports equal \$272,407,200, exceeding those of the same period of 1877 by \$37,260,000, while the exports only amount to \$201,764,000, being \$13,680,000 less than in 1877. However, there is one favorable symptom for French trade, and that is an increase of more than \$24,800,000 in the importation of materials necessary for manufacture.

—ANXIOUS times are ahead for a good many officers in the Italian army, who have just been called upon to make their choice between the Pope and their king. A royal decree has been issued ordering all officers who were married simply in accordance with the rites of the church to get married again according to the civil law, as the military rule does not recognize the religious ceremony. Many officers feel, naturally enough, that their compliance with this decree will be tantamount to an admission that their wives, the mothers of their children, have been living with them in illicit relationship.

—WALWICH BAY has just been annexed to England. It is described as a noble anchorage, extending over an area of seven or eight miles, with smooth water at all times, the sand spit protecting it from the sea. It is covered with flamingoes and pelicans in countless thousands, and the mirage is so great that every object is distorted and thrown up in the air. Its drawbacks are, being almost perpetually enveloped in mist (but which keeps it cool), a barrier of sand-hills, thirty-five miles between it and the country proper, but so rich is it in ivory, feathers, etc., that hundreds of oxen are sacrificed annually in their efforts to get across the deserts with its produce.



NEW YORK BAY.—OFF FOR EUROPE—SCENE FROM FORT WADSWORTH, STATEN ISLAND, ON SUNDAY, J



ND, ON SUNDAY, JUNE 15TH.—THE FLEET OF EUROPEAN STEAMERS PASSING OUT TO SEA.—SEE PAGE 287.

POSSESSION.

IF I might have thee to hold thee for ever,
Frankly and fully and fearlessly mine,
More would I ask not nor seek to disprove
Thorns from my roses if thornless were thine.
Though by my waking alone sleep caressed thee,
Though for thy heaven my bed were in hell,
Though on my soul came the weight that oppressed
thee

Loving thee, having thee, all things were well.

Whoso can say that the charm in possessing
Dies with the passionate pulse of pursuit
Knows not love's beauty nor shares in love's blessing;
Unto his voice are the Oracles mute.
Blind with thy kisses, wove round with thy tresses
Sunlight and starlight were one light to me,
Warm in the wealth of my dowering caresses,
Summer and Winter one season to thee.

ROY'S WIFE.

BY
G. J. WHYTE-MELVILLE.

CHAPTER XVI.—THE MUSIC MUTE.

IT was the old story. Neither in conversation nor in literature can you rightly interpret a sentence without the context. Mrs. Roy's compromising words did but conclude a conference of which, as far as she was concerned, loyalty to her husband had been the one predominant motive.

Sir Hector was confined to his room by gout; the other guests had departed; it was impossible for Lord Fitzowen to remain at Warden Towers alone with Miss Bruce, and, sorely against his inclinations, he felt that in common decency he must return to London by the afternoon train. All this he explained at great length, while excusing himself for paying Mrs. Roy so early a visit to wish her good-by. Perhaps he cherished some vague hope of an invitation to Royston Grange. If so, it was speedily dispelled; for though Nelly assured him frankly enough that she was sorry he must go away, she added in the same breath:

"We shall all be better for a little rest. I am a very quiet person, Lord Fitzowen, and we've had so much dining out lately and so many visitors, it will seem quite a relief to be alone."

This was a damper, and he felt it. She spoke as if she would be glad to get rid of him. Fitz rather lost his head, and became so earnest that she took the alarm.

"I shall be wretched to go, Mrs. Roy. I never was so happy in my life as for this last fortnight, and I have you to thank for it."

His voice trembled with that suppressed feeling which no woman is too inexperienced to understand.

"You have already thanked me by coming to say good-by," she answered, rather stiffly. "Besides, I don't like to be thanked, Lord Fitzowen, when I have done nothing to deserve it."

She meant him to "keep his distance," and spoke more gravely than usual, but the warmest expressions of good-will would not have been calculated to rivet his fetters so securely. It is in these ups and downs, these sudden changes, that men become malleable, as the glowing iron is plunged into cold water that it may be tempered into steel.

He skipped back to safe ground with praise-worthy agility.

"I like this country so much," he said, "and the hunting, and my host and hostess. Don't you think Miss Bruce a very nice girl, Mrs. Roy?"

"I do indeed," she answered, wondering how she could have been so stupid as to forget that of course this was the cause of Lord Fitzowen's unwillingness to depart, and resolved to make him amends for his previous misconception. "I like her exceedingly. Not so well as you do, I dare say, but very much indeed. She must be sorry to lose you, though I suppose we shall have you back before long."

He stared. Did she want him back? It was but a moment since she had seemed glad he must go away. He would have given a good deal to read her thoughts, and after all she was only hoping he wouldn't stay to luncheon, and wondering whether she ought to ask him or not.

"One hates saying good-by," he continued, "and yet there is a melancholy satisfaction in it, too. Let us go and look at the gold fish, Mrs. Roy. I should not be easy if I went away without taking leave of my earliest friends."

So they strolled into the conservatory, where his lordship, who was not usually so diffident, debated in his own mind whether he dared ask her to give him a sprig of geranium. Had he done so, she would have complied with a readiness that showed how little importance she attached to the gift; but his courage failed him, and he preferred not to run the chance of a refusal, perhaps of another rebuff.

He was sinking deeper and deeper at every step. Had Fitz been wise, he would never have risked this last interview, but would have started for London with his valet and portmanteaus by the twelve o'clock train.

He looked at the gold fish in silence, almost wishing that he was one of them that he might not be going away, then turned to Mrs. Roy and said, with something of a sigh:

"You will miss your dictionary a little, won't you, when it's out of reach on the shelf?"

"I shall, indeed," she answered, kindly. "I am bad at thanking people, Lord Fitzowen, but I am not ungrateful. I shall never forget how friendly and considerate you have been with me. Though I don't say much, I feel things, I can tell you."

"Whenever you are in any way at a loss, Mrs. Roy, you have only got to speak the word. I would come from the other end of the world to be of the slightest use. You may want advice now and then about those absurd trifles in which my whole life has been spent."

"I feel dreadfully ignorant sometimes, Lord Fitzowen, I confess. I don't mind for myself, but it vexes my husband. He seems so annoyed with things that I should not have thought of the slightest importance."

He took her hand. "Then we will make a bargain," said he. "You shall be the conjurer and I'll be the jack-in-the-box. Touch a spring

and up he comes! When you've done with him, shut down the lid. Seriously, make any use of me you please when you don't want to trouble your husband. I dare say he hates being bothered. Most men do. I like it. Suppose you are in a dilemma, a social difficulty of any kind, consult me as if I was your cousin, or your brother, or your solicitor. I don't manage my own matters well, but I can give other people better advice than anybody in the world."

There was no resisting the hearty off-hand manner, the frank genial tone. Nelly thought she had discovered a wise counselor, a true friend, and accepted his somewhat vague offer with the grateful little speech that so offended her husband's ears as he came in.

There was an awkward silence. Mrs. Roy looked and felt in a false position, though she could not have explained why. The master of the house seemed by no means master of the situation. Even his lordship, though more used to the kind of thing, was obviously ill at ease. He took the initiative, however, by putting out his hand and informing his host he had ridden over to say "good-by."

"Among the flowers," answered John Roy, looking round him with something of sarcasm, while he exchanged a farewell with his visitor readily enough. It was no prolonged ceremony, and before Nelly's flushed cheeks had faded to their usual tint, Lord Fitzowen vanished, leaving husband and wife alone with the gold-fish.

These could not be more mute than John Roy. He shrugged his shoulders, put on that expression of contempt she most dreaded, and would have retired without a word, but that Nelly's heart was full to overflowing, and the appeal rose spontaneously to her lips:

"What have I done to deserve this? Why are you so cross with me, Mr. Roy?"

"Ask yourself."

"No. I ask you. We have not been married a year—nothing like it—and already you are tired of me, and you wish I were dead. You do—you do—and so do I. Anything would be better than this. You hate me, you avoid me. I never see you from day's end to day's end, and when we are alone together—which we never are—you won't speak to me. I am a clog, an incumbrance, a wet blanket! I can't imagine what it is I have done, or not done. Where are mine accusers? You ought to tell me. I've a right to know."

"When you can talk sense," he answered, "perhaps we may come to some understanding. I confess it seems hopeless now."

"You used to think different. You told me at Beachmouth I was the most sensible woman you ever met."

"That was not saying much. I never had a high opinion of your sex. It does not improve on acquaintance."

"If you think that, it's cruel to tell me. If you don't think it, you oughtn't to say so. You can be all smiles and good-humor with other ladies. You don't call them a pack of fools to their faces. I used to believe you cared for me, or else why did you make me an offer? It would have been a long time before I asked you, and now you seem to like other people so much better than me!"

"Two can play at that game."

"What do you mean?" she flashed out. "Mr. Roy, I require you to explain yourself."

He set his lips tight, and spoke in cold, cutting syllables.

"Then I will explain myself. When a lady receives one of her husband's friends day after day, and at all hours, as you receive Lord Fitzowen, it is rather too good a joke that she should reproach that husband with want of attention to herself."

The tears came to her eyes; he must care for her a little, she reflected, or it would not matter to him how often Lord Fitz chose to call, or how long he stayed; but womanly pride, and what is called "proper feeling," prompted her to affect a deeper indignation than she felt.

"Mr. Roy," she said, looking him full in the face, "do you assert what you know, or are you making these accusations against me to put yourself in the right?"

"I make no accusations," he replied, in the same hard tone; "it's not worth while. I simply use my own faculties, like other people. Things are not likely to escape my observation that have become the talk of my servants in the kitchen and the hall."

She turned pale to her lips.

"The servants!" she repeated. "Do you mean to tell me, Mr. Roy, that you have been discussing with your servants the conduct of your wife?"

He was getting very angry, he felt so completely in the wrong; therefore he affected to take high ground.

"I decline to enter into that subject," said he. "Though you may choose to disregard both, there are people who respect my character and value my happiness. It is all very well, Mrs. Roy, to carry things with a high hand, to affect injured innocence, virtuous indignation, and so forth; but nobody shall make me believe that lady's conduct is irreproachable on whom her very domestics cry shame. Even if I had not eyes and ears of my own, I can trust my informant, and what I say I mean!"

Her sweet and gentle temper was roused at last. She moved to the door.

"Then if that is the position I occupy in your house," she exclaimed, "the sooner I leave it the better!"

"I wish you had never come into it!"

The action was over. Completely disabled by this last shot, poor Nelly struck her flag, and went down. She made no attempt at reply. She did not burst into tears, nor go off in hysterics, nor faint dead away, which is the best resource of all, as placing the adversary in such a position that he can neither run nor fight. She only paced slowly out of the conservatory, across the hall, and up the staircase to her own room, faltering and stumbling, though it was broad daylight, like a blind woman, or one who walks in a dream.

John Roy turned to the gold-fish and made them a little speech.

"I have given her a piece of my mind at last," said he, somewhat ashamed of himself, yet with

a certain amount of relief at having blown off the steam. "A man should begin as he means to go on, and she will be none the worse for the lesson. That it may take proper effect, I shall not see her again till dinner-time. My horse is at the door. I may as well have luncheon with the Grants, and ride round by Warden Towers afterwards, to find out if this young lord is really gone."

Nelly, kneeling by her bedside, crying bitterly, with her face smothered in the counterpane, heard his horse's hoofs crunching the gravel, and the click of the gate as he turned into the park.

She went to her window and watched him, hiding behind the curtain. She had often seen him ride away in the same direction, but never so indistinctly as now, through a mist of tears.

Then she bathed her eyes, smoothed her hair, looked at a time-table, rang the bell, and ordered the carriage to be at the door in twenty minutes.

"If I had baby," thought Nelly, "I couldn't go. I should neither have the heart to leave it, nor to take it away from Mr. Roy. How lucky for him. He will be happy at last. He won't miss me one bit. He can live among the people he likes without a wife that he is ashamed of at every turn. And yet I did try hard to be all he wished! Oh! my darling—my darling! I do believe my heart is breaking, but I will never see you again!"

Mr. Roy did not enjoy his luncheon. The Grants were pleasant as usual. Her two pretty sisters, lately imported by the hostess, did the agreeable with the vivacity shown by young ladies at that most cheerful of meals. But, somehow, it was all flat and insipid. When his horse was brought round, he departed in worse spirits than when he arrived, conscious he had made no favorable impression on the strangers, but utterly careless of their opinion, good or bad.

"Talking him over," ere he was fairly in the saddle, these did not scruple to express unqualified disappointment. Mr. Roy was older, grayer, stouter, than they had been led to expect, yet each told herself there was something interesting about the man, something strange, mysterious, peculiar, that she would like to fathom and find out.

At Warden Towers, Sir Hector was in his room, and Miss Bruce in the village, so he did not get off.

"Was Lord Fitzowen still with them?" he asked, carelessly, turning to go away.

"No; his lordship left after luncheon. His lordship's letters were to be forwarded to London. He (the butler) did not think his lordship would be back again during the hunting season."

Riding home in the fading twilight, John Roy began to wonder if he had not judged Nelly too hastily in one particular, perhaps too harshly in all. There is something in the action of a good horse under a man, especially at a gallop, that, possibly through its effect on the liver, seems to clear and stimulate his brain. Ere he rode into his own stable-yard, his friend had resolved to be forgiving and magnanimous, to read his wife a long lecture on that ignorance of conventionalities to which he was willing to attribute her late misdeeds, and graciously to overlook the past in consideration of the amendment she was sure to promise for the future. Then he would proceed comfortably to dinner, and slumber placidly afterwards, having dismissed the whole subject from his mind.

Wet and muddy, he went to dress at once, rehearsing during his toilet the discourse he intended to deliver, and descending in half an hour or so to the drawing-room, where he expected to find his wife at her needlework, bright with her usual welcome, and ready to offer the cup of tea she had kept hot in case it should be wanted. But here was neither wife nor tea. The fire had burned low, and only one lamp was lit. His drawing-room had never looked so cheerless. Nelly must be up-stairs, of course. How tiresome! Perhaps, though, she had taken his displeasure to heart and was really unwell. Poor dear! She certainly seemed fond of him; he would go to her room, and make it all right without delay! Once, twice he tapped at the door. No answer. So he opened it without ceremony and walked in. Here, too, the fire was low and the room nearly dark, but he could make out that it was unoccupied. More, an empty wardrobe stood open, and though several trinkets remained on the dressing-table, Nelly's ivory hair-brushes, with her monogram, his own gift, were gone.

He turned sick at heart, though he told himself there was no cause for discomposure; but he ran down-stairs again, nimble enough, to ring the drawing-room bell with considerable violence.

The butler had gone to dress, and it was answered by a footman.

"Where is Mrs. Roy?" he asked, trying to speak in his ordinary voice.

"Mrs. Roy, sir? Mrs. Roy is gone, sir."

"Gone? What do you mean? Gone where?"

The man looked surprised.

"Mrs. Roy ordered the carriage at half-past two, sir. It took her to the station, and I understand she went to London by the afternoon train."

He fairly gasped. But in whatever attitude he goes down, a man is bound to fall decently, like Julius Caesar, before his own household; so he muttered something incoherent about "bad news," and "he thought she would have waited for a later train," but his manner was sorely troubled, his voice came thick and indistinct. The footman retired calmly, less concerned than might be supposed. I imagine our domestics are not easily affected by such symptoms of mental disorder. Judging from analogy, they account for them in the charitable supposition that "Master is a little the worse for drink."

Put him face to face with an emergency, John Roy had courage and presence of mind enough. Both were now supplemented by a strong sense of indignation and ill-usage.

"Gone to London by the afternoon train!" he muttered, walking up and down his deserted drawing-room in momentary expectation that dinner would be announced. "Of course! I see it all! And that scoundrel, too. They were found out too soon, and she did not dare face me again. But she shall, and pretty close too, if we have to travel a thousand miles for it. Steady, now! I must look at this business as if I were acting for some one

else. The first point is to avoid anything like a show-up before the servants. I can do nothing to-morrow till the post comes in, then I shall go to London by the twelve o'clock train, and find a friend at once. Who is there I can ask to see me through such a three-cornered business?—for I mean to shoot Fitzowen as sure as he stands there."

This was a knotty problem, involving some consideration. He had not settled it when he went to dinner, and resolved, during the progress of that ceremony, which he sat through with praiseworthy endurance, to decide nothing till he had visited his club, and seen which of his old friends were in town.

But with all his anger, all his resolution, there were moments during that long cheerless evening when his heart smote him sore. The image of Nelly would pass before him, as he used to watch her moving about the very room in which he sat, busy with some little arrangement for his comfort and convenience, or, dearer still, as he remembered her at Beachmouth during that brief courtship, when she had seemed to him a very paragon of womankind, no less for beauty of character and person than for the avocation she lavished on himself.

Of all blessings, a wife is, perhaps, that of which a man becomes most sensible in its loss. John Roy could not help suspecting that he had not himself been entirely without blame; that a little patience, a little consideration, a little forbearance might have preserved to him the affections of her fond and gentle nature, true and tender as when they watched the sea-gulls together on the southern coast, and thought nothing could ever come between them this side the grave.

CHAPTER XVII.—BAFFLED.

FOR one who has ever lived long enough in London to make it a home, there is something in the stir and bustle of its streets, the shifting variety of its faces, the very tread of busy feet on its pavement, that brings his mind, as it were, to its proper bearings, causing him to appraise himself, his affairs, and his interest at their real value, and reminding him that any one individual, though the centre of his own circle, is but an insignificant unit in the great scheme.

Before John Roy had rattled through half a dozen streets, and shaved as many lamp-posts, in a handsome cab, he began to take a clearer view of his position, and to suspect that he might have been in a greater hurry than behooved a man of his experience, who had seen so much life. It was unwise thus to jump, without inquiry, to conclusions. It would have been better to put his pride in his pocket, and get what information he could from the railroad officials at his own station concerning his wife and her supposed traveling companion, before he rushed up to London, breathing blood and gunpowder, on an expedition that might turn out a fool's errand after all!

Such reflections came too late. He had arrived in town by the early train for a particular purpose, and he must carry it through. Obviously, the first thing to be done was to dress at a hotel and go down at once to his club.

Yet, for all his knowledge of the world, it seemed strange to this man, whose mind was preoccupied with matters of life and death, that half a dozen acquaintances whom he had not seen for years should greet him, as if they were in the habit of meeting every day, with a careless nod and a growl at the east wind. Truly, your London welcome is the reverse of gushing, and an earthquake would scarcely affect the well-bred placidity of St. James's Street if it took place east of Temple Bar.

Club usages and club manners are of themselves. In other phases of life, men may seem pleased with the society of their friends and even interested in their welfare; but as soon as they have passed the hall-porter and received their letters, such exuberance of natural feeling is at once discarded. As a huntsman puts on his kennel-coat when he goes amongst his hounds, so the members of these social institutions think well to clothe themselves from head to foot in an indifference which, but for its exceeding carelessness, would not be far removed from disgust.

Like most reserved people, John Roy was somewhat impressionable. It is not too much to say that he felt both discouraged and disheartened as, entering the morning-room of the Junior Amalgamated, he scanned nervously the array of hats and newspapers representing the members of that exclusive association. Where all faces were hidden, it was difficult to identify a friend; and his spirits sank, while he reflected how severely he must put that friend's attachment to the test. Shy, awkward and perplexed, he walked stiffly to the fireplace, feeling, like a thorough Englishman, that his present ordeal was the most unpleasant part of the whole business. A true Briton stands fire better than inspection, quailing pitifully before a battery that consists of impassible faces and calm, inquiring eyes.

On the hearthrug he brushed against a gentleman in an easy chair, completely hidden behind the broad sheet of the *Times*. Turning to apologize, he found himself face to face, of all people in the world, with Lord Fitzowen.

It would feebly express John Roy's discomfiture to say you might have knocked him down with a feather. He stood with his mouth open in dumb surprise.

The other nodded, yawned, rose and stretched himself.

"How d'ye do, Roy?" said he. "Why didn't you come up yesterday with me and St. George there? I found him at the station. I suppose you won't go away again now? Have you brought Mrs. Roy?"

No man could put on this assumption of complete innocence had he been the cleverest actor that ever wore paint; besides, "St. George there," who was in the room, could have attested the veracity of Fitzowen's statement, and John Roy felt utterly at a loss. There was nothing for it but to regain his composure as best he might, and shake by the hand the man whom he had meant to shoot through the head, with such overdone cordiality as should serve to cover his own confusion.

"It's only a flying visit," he stammered. "Business and that kind of thing. Going down again this evening. Town rather empty still. Nothing to keep one here just now."

"Nonsense! Stay till to-morrow. Dine with me quietly—*en garçon*. Nobody but St. George. I've a box at the Pteuclion. We'll see the 'Ugly Duck'—it's rather a good burlesque—and bring what's-her-name back to supper. It wouldn't be bad fun."

Such evidence being circumstantial, and therefore of the best kind, became more conclusive with every word. It was beyond all bounds of probability that a gentleman who had run away with his friend's wife less than twenty-four hours ago, should be entertaining bachelors at dinner, asking actresses to supper, and otherwise partaking of those amusements on which feminine influence of any kind puts an immediate extinguisher; nor was it credible that he should calmly invite the injured husband to participate in such demonstrations of independence and self-government at a moment's notice, without any hesitation or embarrassment whatsoever. Again John Roy excused himself, though in his heart half tempted to accept, so completely had the atmosphere of London changed his sentiments in the space of two hours.

"I see," said Fitz, laughing good-humoredly; "Mrs. Roy won't stand it! Quite right. Give her my kind regards. After all, you have the best of it. There is something very superior and respectable in being a married man!"

With whomsoever Nelly had run away, the culprit was clearly not Lord Fitzowen.

John Roy walked out of the Junior Amalgamated a good deal easier in mind than he walked in; yet, strange to say, conscious that his displeasure against his wife was stronger now than while he believed her criminal conduct had estranged her from him for ever. She seemed a belligerent then, declaring open war; now she was only a vassal who had rebelled.

Turning matters over in his mind, he made sure she had taken refuge with her aunt. He would go to Corner Street at once, and bring her back, but in such a manner as to make her feel the whole weight of his dissatisfaction, and prevent her from ever having recourse to such refractory measures again.

He was soon at the Corner Hotel—it had never appeared so close, dirty and uncomfortable before. Again came over him the unworthy feeling that he had descended too low in his choice, and that from the very beginning his marriage was a mistake.

This untoward mood seemed only aggravated by his reception. Mrs. Phipps, in the dingiest of caps, no sooner heard his name than she rushed at him open-armed, then courted and looked foolish, seeing that he eluded her embrace.

This good lady's face was browner and more oblong than ever, her dress more faded, her forehead more shiny; her general appearance, he thought, had changed sadly for the worse.

"Why, you're quite a stranger, Mr. Roy," she exclaimed. "Now, do sit down and rest yourself. You'll take a glass of wine, I hope. But first and foremost, how's Nelly? You've brought her with you, in course?"

He was taken aback, and looked it. "Nelly!" he repeated. "Is she not with you? I came here to look for her."

Mrs. Phipps dropped into an armchair with a plump that spoke volumes for her confidence in its strength.

"You come here to look for her?" she gasped. "Oh, Mr. Roy, whatever do you mean?"

He was vexed beyond measure.

"Mrs. Roy has chosen to leave her home, madam," he answered, harshly, "and were she not dead to all proper feeling she would have come straight here. Had I found her under your protection, I might have been prevailed upon to look over such conduct in consideration of promised amendment for the future. But she has taken her own line, and I shall now feel justified in taking mine."

"Mr. Roy, you drove her to it!"

"I have no wish to exchange recriminations, Mrs. Phipps. If you choose to support your niece in her outrageous defiance of all social laws, of the customs, even the decencies of life, that is your affair. I shall decline to communicate with either of you, except through a solicitor."

"You drove her to it, Mr. Roy! If it was my last breath, I'd say it. When she left this house to get married—and a black day it seems to have been—there wasn't a better-behaved young woman in all London than Nelly, nor a better principled, nor a better brought-up. There may be faults on both sides. I'm not a-going to say as there isn't. But when you come to leaving a home like yours, and going out alone in the wide world, nobody shall persuade me but what I told you before is gospel truth, and you drove her to it, Mr. Roy. You did, as sure as you stand there!"

Miss Phipps, who loved her niece, seemed a thorough woman, insensible to argument, but stanch in her affections. It was no use disputing the point, and John Roy was forced to content himself with as dignified a retreat as could be made under the circumstances, for his hostess followed him, even to the street-door, with a volley of reproaches that gathered violence and incoherence at each successive discharge.

The storm no doubt was succeeded by a torrent of tears, and the poor woman herself, in the midst of her dismay and anxiety, regretted bitterly that she had "spoke up," as she called it, with so much freedom; but her visitor had placed a quarter of a mile between them before this inevitable reaction, and it was too late to call him back.

He felt sadly perplexed. Nelly was gone, there could be no doubt, but where? If she had fled with Lord Fitzowen, he would have known how to act. If she had taken sanctuary in her aunt's hotel, he could have extricated her from that unsavory refuge, with a certain loss of dignity, perhaps, but with an undoubted accession of authority for the future. In either case his course would have been clear. But now she had baffled him completely. How could he return to Royston Grange without his wife? how reply to the inquiries of a whole neighborhood that she had

gone away from him, he didn't know where! He must have time for consideration. He ought not to be in a hurry. To-morrow or next day something might turn up. He had better stop in London, he thought, wishing heartily that he had never left it.

(To be continued.)

FASHION AT SEA; OR, THE SWELLS OF THE OCEAN.

EASTWARD HO! The exodus to Europe is in full blossom, and men, and women, and children go down to the sea in ships. The floating palaces that bring Queenstown and New York together in seven days and some hours, bear precious cargo; berths are engaged for weeks in advance, and the *pater familias* who suggests a European trip becomes a very hero to his household gods. A trip to Europe is now thought as little of as the passage from Dover to Calais, and many a hardy traveler who has done his six miles per diem while on the Atlantic, has "gone green" at the mere mention of food while in the streak of silver that divides England from France. The day is not far distant when the traveler can of a surety breakfast beneath his own fig-tree in New York on Saturday morning, and dine upon that day week at the Imperial at Cork, while later on, the trip will be reduced to a maximum of six days. Paris must fascinate or fade. She fascinates, and having increased her manifold charms by the addition of an Exposition, she is at this hour a very centre point of attraction. The Fifth Avenue will shake hands on the Boulevards des Italiens, and Murray Hill exchange greeting in the Champ Elysées. Boston will unbend on the Trocadero, and even "Frisco" will find herself admirably represented on the Champ de Mars. The American quarter of glittering Lutetia will extend itself far beyond the limits of the Arc de Triomphe, and on the 4th of July Paris will find the tricolor completely swamped by the saucy swagger of the Stars and Stripes. Our docks are daily thronged with the very *crème de la crème* of beauty, rank and fashion, for Society comes down to the North River to see its well-beloved members off to Europe, to make voice offerings of costly flowers, to perhaps take a glass of champagne in that state-room which is to witness the ghastly physical anguish of the *mal de mer*, to kiss, to hand-ring, to wave dainty handkerchiefs, and to wish God-speed, as the stately vessel swings grandly from her moorings for her trip across "ocean's melancholy waste." On Saturday, June 15th, when our illustration was taken, a fleet of four steamers, carrying five hundred and fifty-seven passengers, among whom were bishops, artists, opera-singers, actors, and representatives of nearly every profession and pursuit, sailed away from this port; and all out-going vessels, for a month to come, will have equally full lists of pleasure-seeking Americans, intent on "doing" Europe. Everybody who is anybody seems to be going over the pond; even nobodies are bitten by the Exposition mania, and people who never ventured further than Harlem on the north, or Coney Island on the south, have boldly, and to the bewilderment of their immediate friends, announced their intention of doing Europe. Those to whom impecuniosity raises an insurmountable barrier declare that they would much prefer seeing Paris at any other time; but who believes them? The rush to "other side" is not exclusive y confined to the gilded ones of this hemisphere. An excursion to Europe by American teachers is to be made this Summer. The tourists, 350 in number, will sail from this city in the steamers *Deonia* and *Circassia*, of the Anchor line. The cost to each traveler for the round trip will be \$400 in gold. Dr. Tourjee, director of the New England Conservatory of Music in Boston, will command the passengers by the *Deonia*, while the personal supervision of those on the *Circassia* will be given to Professor O. B. Burchard, editor of the *New York State Journal of Education*. The *Deonia* will take 250 of the tourists, many of whom will be women, and the *Circassia* will carry the other hundred, which it was impossible to provide for on the *Deonia*. The main party will, it is expected, reach Glasgow July 9th. They will visit Loch Lomond, Loch Katrine, Stirling Castle, Edinburgh, Melrose Abbey and Abbotsford. On reaching London, the tourists will separate into five divisions. Three of these will go to Antwerp, the other two going directly to Paris. The Antwerp party will thence proceed to Brussels and Cologne, up the Rhine as far as Biberich, thence to Wiesbaden, Frankfurt, Heidelberg, Baden-Baden, Switzerland, Turin, Venice, Rome, and other places of historical interest. The tourists who sail by the *Circassia* will make the same tour, and will precede the *Deonia* party by a week throughout the whole excursion. The *Deonia* will sail for this city on her return voyage August 17th, and will probably bring many of the *Circassia*'s passengers, arrangements having been made for the accommodation of such of the latter who may desire to return in the *Deonia*, as substitutes for such of Dr. Tourjee's charge as may have concluded to extend and prolong their travels in Italy. What a flood of literature will pour over the country, the result of this particular expedition! What books of travel, what diaries, what sketches, what learned jottings by the wayside, and erudite notes and comments! The diaries will commence off Sandy Hook, ending at the Anchor Line dock. What a glorious sense of freedom from form and ferule will not these brain-battered teachers enjoy as they wave their *adieu* to the receding shores of Gotham!

Our illustration represents the beautiful Bay of New York, than which, with the exception of Naples, there is nothing of its kind more striking on the surface of the habitable globe. We stand on Staten Island behind Fort Wadsworth. In the distance, the atmosphere being as clear as the limpid waters of the Pierian spring, the city of New York, Venus-like, rises from out the sea, the spires of its many churches standing against a sky as blue as that of Italy, like pointed needles, its domes reflecting the dazzling radiance of the glorious dayshine. In the right centre the Brooklyn Suspension Bridge presents its lofty buttresses and filmy gossamer-like wire-way; on the left, the lordly Hudson opens up a vista commencing with a forest of masts, and ending with the rock-ribbed Palisades, losing themselves in dreamy purple. On the extreme right Fort Lafayette zealously guards the Long Island shore, also the City of Brooklyn, whose spires and warehouses mingle to the water's edge. Right between us and the Suspension Bridge is Bedloe's Island, where, in the sweet by-and-by, the statue of the Goddess of Liberty, to be presented to us by the French nation, will cast the light of ten thousand torches across the waters of the bay. On our left the coast of Jersey takes up the line broken by Staten Island. Below us the bay

is dotted with craft of every sort, shape, size and description, from the full-rigged ship to the pair-oar, from the ocean steamer to the saucy tug, from the snowy-sailed yacht, to the great lumbering propeller. White sails like sea-birds speck the green waters; steamers whiter still flying to Rockaway, Coney Island, Staten Island, Sandy Hook, Long Branch, the Highlands of Neversink, and a thousand and one places on the coast, skim hither and thither, while the ocean steamers, like great war-vessels in line of battle, come majestically down the bay. Throbbing onwards right beneath us is the superb *Anchoria* of the Anchor Line, one of the most palatial vessels afloat, and one we cordially recommend to all who intend to tempt the dangers of the deep, her enormous hull and graceful lines showing to the best advantage as she glides past us like a thing of life. Proceeding up the bay is the *Grand Republic*, the largest excursion steamer ever yet launched. She is veritably a floating town, and has been expressly built for the purpose of colonizing Rockaway Beach. Following in the wake of the stately *Anchoria* come the ships of the Cunard, White Star, Atlas, Bremen and Hamburg lines, all bearing their quota of pleasure-seekers across the waste of waters of the wild Atlantic. We who remain at home can but wish them a safe and pleasant voyage, while insuring them a hearty welcome upon their return.

THE MINOR STOCK EXCHANGES.

AMONG the most animated scenes in the financial quarter of the metropolis are the Stock Exchanges in Broad and New Streets, where a vast amount of business is daily done by operators in stocks who can speculate on as low a margin as five dollars. The business is transacted on the same basis as at the New York Stock Exchange, the quotations there established being instantly transmitted through a telegraphic instrument, termed an "indicator," which registers the price of stocks on a long piece of paper-ribbon, termed the "tape." At the Minor Exchange a clerk takes the figures off this tape and marks them upon the blackboard, as represented in the cut. Sometimes the Exchange is the loser by the day's transactions, in the aggregate; but as a usual thing the customers loose and make from each other, and the Exchange is supported by its commissions. For several years a large country business has been done by the firms of Messrs. Tumbridge & Co., 21 New Street, and E. W. Todd & Co., 44 Broad Street, the principal houses in the business.

SCIENTIFIC INTELLIGENCE.

Professor Hughes's Telephone.—And now Professor Hughes, the well-known inventor of the type-printing telegraphic apparatus, claims to have made a discovery that may be so utilized as to supersede the telephone with a much simpler device. His discovery is that some substances are peculiarly sensitive to sounds, and if such a substance is placed in the circuit of a small battery it will be so affected by the sonorous vibrations, when spoken to, as to replace entirely the transmitter of a Bell telephone.

A Colossal Bronze Statue by Electro-Metallurgy.—The Electro-metallurgical Company of Brussels has lately completed a colossal statue of Jan Van Eyck, in bronze, by the system of electric deposition. The galvanic process occupied several months, although a thickness of but six to eight millimetres was attained. It is probably the largest object which has been produced by this method, being over twelve feet in height, and is regarded as a much more perfect imitation of the model than could be obtained by casting.

Coating Iron with Platinum.—The discoverer of platinum mirrors, Mr. Dodo, has invented a process for covering iron with platinum, which is similar to the method employed with glass. The iron is first carefully cleaned and then covered with a preparation of lead and copper. It is then ready for the platinum composition which is thus made. Ten parts of platinum are converted into chloride by aqua regia, mixed with five parts of ether and permitted to evaporate in the open air. The residue is incorporated with a compound of twenty parts borate of lead, eleven parts of red lead, some oil of lavender, and fifty parts of amyl alcohol. Into this mixture the article to be coated is dipped, then allowed to dry in the air, and finally heated to a moderate temperature in a muffle.

The Success of Japanese Students in Berlin.—The intellectual abilities of the Japanese race have been evidenced in a striking manner by a quartet of students from that country now studying in Berlin. One of these, Dr. Drokittao, has lately invented an ingenious optical instrument termed the leucoscope, which measures the variations in the perception of light and color by the human eye, in accordance with the strictest mathematical laws. Another, who has attained the rank of lieutenant in the Prussian army, has introduced a remarkable simplification into the mechanism of the Mauser rifle, which superseded the historic needle gun. Two more who are prosecuting their chemical studies under Professor Holmann have published for two years past several interesting synthetic researches on the aromatic series of organic chemistry.

Research in Libraries.—Professor Mallet, of the University of Virginia, makes an admirable suggestion in reference to research in libraries. It often happens that an investigator is in want of a reference to a book which is only accessible in a distant library—how to obtain the desired information is the question. If the directors of the library would authorize certain persons to act as searchers, and publish the names with a schedule of prices, it would then be possible for an author to write to the library with the assurance that his application would meet with prompt attention. There ought to be authorized searchers in all large libraries assigned to the various departments of learning. Perhaps some of the subordinate officers could be permitted to undertake this duty without neglecting their other work.

Arctic Exploration.—The Siberian coast is to be explored this Summer by Professor Nordenskjöld in the *Vega*. The expedition sets out in the beginning of July for the purpose of forcing the northeast passage from Europe to Behring's Straits. Professor Nordenskjöld has made a thorough study of the records of Russian exploration along the north coast of Siberia, and concludes that in early Autumn the ice retires from the coast as a rule, leaving a comparatively clear waterway. Even should the immediate aim of the expedition not be accomplished, we may expect large additions to our knowledge of the hydrography, geology, and natural history of these regions, which, from a scientific point of view, have been comparatively unexplored. Professor Nordenskjöld conjectures that a line of islands separates the Siberian from the strictly Polar Sea, of which we only know Wrangell Land and New Siberia; he will endeavor to verify this conjecture. The proposal has been made in the first Chamber of the Swedish Reichstag to grant the sum of 22,000 Swedish crowns for the Arctic expedition projected by Lieutenant Sandberg, the costs of whose exploration of Lapland were defrayed entirely by himself.

PERSONAL GOSSIP.

PRESIDENT HAYES has agreed to attend the Princeton College commencement, June 20th.

THE President has received about one hundred and twenty invitations to attend Fourth of July celebrations.

THOMAS WINANS, the Baltimore millionaire and Russian railway contractor, died at Newport, R. I., June 9th.

W. H. VANDERBILT, during his stay in Paris, purchased pictures by celebrated artists to the amount of \$200,000.

GENERAL BUTLER has presented \$500 to Phillips Academy for the purpose of founding a scholarship for a soldiers' orphan.

MRS. WILLIAMS, wife of ex-Attorney-General Williams, is at Wiesbaden, attending to the musical education of her daughter.

THE sixth wife of Elder Dunford, of Salt Lake, has obtained a divorce in order to become the tenth wife of Bishop McAllister.

THE richest women of the Pacific Coast are Mrs. Coleman and Mrs. McDonough, their combined wealth being estimated at \$18,000,000.

REV. MORGAN DIX has received a letter from Rev. Dr. DeKoven, declining the position of assistant minister at Trinity Church, in New York City.

ADMIRAL SIR E. A. INGOLFELD, who is to take charge of the British fleet in American waters, is soon to visit Boston in company with Lady Ingolfeld.

PORT HENRY, N. Y., has a venerable patriarch in William R. Edwards, familiarly known as Father Edwards, who is now in his 101st year, and makes daily calls about town.

PROFESSOR F. V. HAYDEN, in charge of the Geological and Geographical Survey of the Territories, has been elected honorary and corresponding member of forty-one scientific societies in foreign countries.

THE widow of Hahnemann, the founder of homoeopathy, died recently at the age of seventy-eight years, at the house in the Rue du Faubourg St. Honoré, Paris, which had for a long time been her residence.

THE venerable Jonathan D. Bosson, of Chelsea, who is over ninety-three years old, will turn out and march with the Salem Cadets at the annual parade. He has been a member of the Cadets for over seventy years.

ADIRONDACK MURRAY has surprised his Boston congregation by announcing that he will take a vacation until September, 1879—fifteen months. He will spend the time in travel. He will insist on having an edifice to preach in, costing \$200,000, on his return.

A DISPATCH from San Francisco says that John M. Morton, son of the dead Senator, and wife, left on the island of St. Paul, Alaska, six months ago, have at last been taken off by the French schooner *La Gironde*, and will return to San Francisco by the steamer *St. Paul* about August 1st.

THERE died in Berlin last April a gentleman named Bersig, the greatest manufacturer of locomotives in Europe. His father began with a capital of \$7,500, lent him by a Berlin tradesman, and the son left \$15,000,000. Since 1837 the firm has turned out over 3,600 locomotives, and they employ over 10,000 men.

THE German newspapers announce that Hermann Soyaux, the botanist of the German expedition to the Loango Coast, 1873-76, will set out in July or August on another expedition to Equatorial Western Africa, to explore the Jabou and Ogowe country in the interests of natural science, and to make experiments with a view to the starting of plantations.

THE devotion of General Joe Johnston to his invalid wife is termed "an exquisite picture of married harmony, illustrating chivalric manhood." Mrs. Johnston is a daughter of Hon. Louis McLane, of Delaware, Representative, United States Senator, Minister to England, twice President Jackson's Secretary of Treasury and State, and finally President of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad.

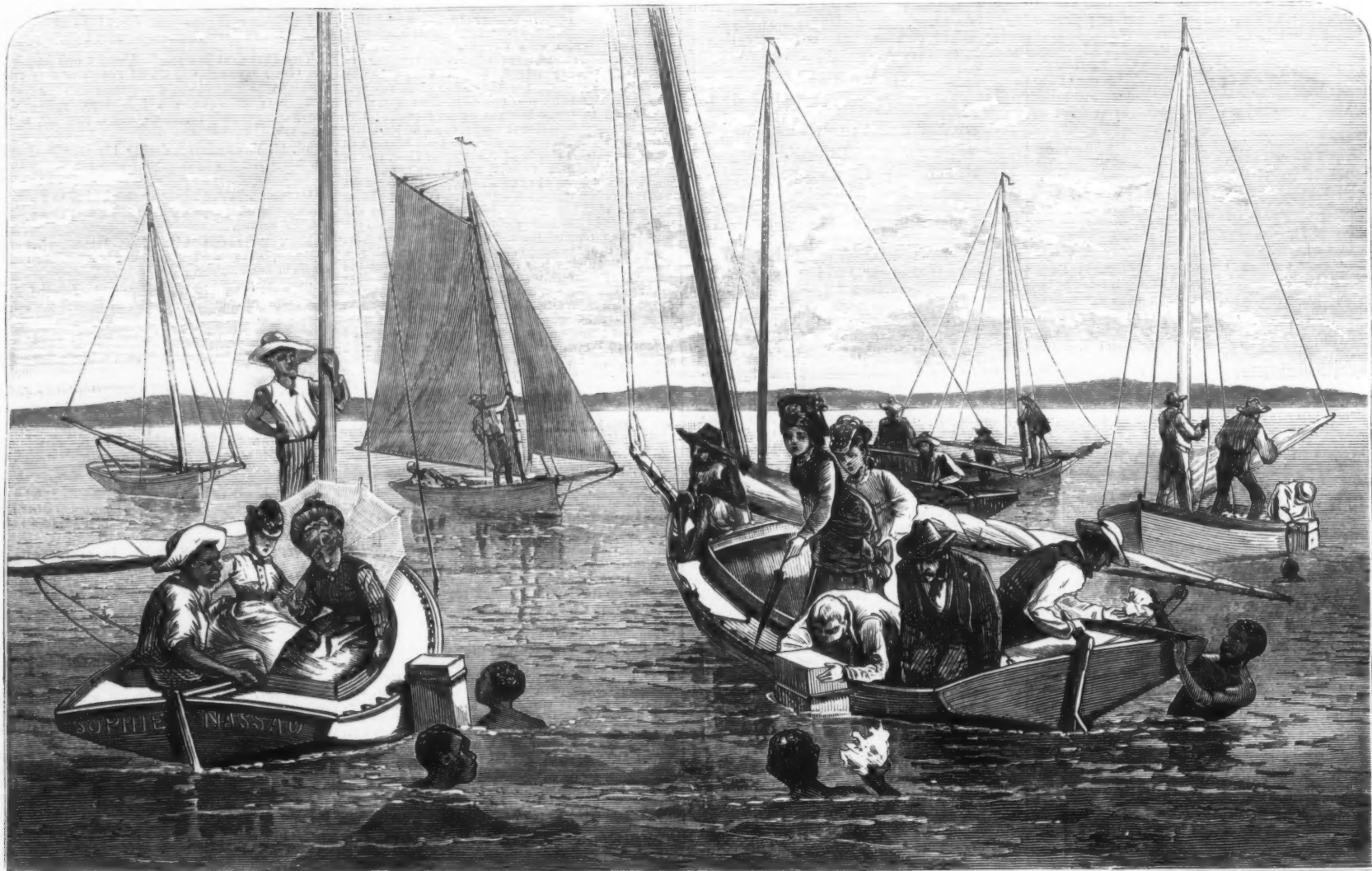
PRINCE AMADEO, Duke of Aosta, ex-King of Spain, is winning golden opinions. A friend writes: "I had believed him, on the faith of authorized sayings, to be a disconsolate widower, who could scarcely be dissuaded from becoming a monk—a prince half crazed with grief; but I found him full of fun and sparkle, brimming over with life, and very willing to enjoy any chance happiness that might fall in his way."

MR. DAVID DUDLEY FIELD has prepared a plan of a stone tower with a chime of bells, which he will erect on the green at Stockbridge, Mass., and on the same site where in the days of old President Edwards the first mission church stood. It is to be dedicated to his grandchildren, the children of his only daughter, as they are descendants of President Edwards. The tower and bells are to be a gift to the Congregational Church in Stockbridge.

MISS LILLIAN, daughter of Hon. Albert Pike, is one of the most accomplished musicians in Louisville, Ky. She excels as a harpist as well as a pianist. She and her father live down-town, in an unfashionable part of the city, in a house which has a forbidding exterior, but when you enter their rooms the scene changes. There are rare old pictures and busts, antique furniture, a valuable and comprehensive library, all rendered more attractive by the brilliant conversation of the remarkable man and his fair accomplished daughter. They do not go into general society, but a few old friends cling to them, and strangers who have heard of the talents of the two seek them out and feel grateful for their acquaintance.

MR. BAYARD TAYLOR was most cordially received in Germany. At Cologne he was received by the highest railway officials, a saloon carriage was placed at his disposal, and at all the principal stations the inspectors appeared and offered their services. At the railway station in Berlin all the members of the American legation and consulate were present to welcome their new chief. He arrived on Saturday, and on Monday was received by Herr von Bülow, and on Tuesday by the Emperor, the rapidity with which these receptions were granted being interpreted as extremely complimentary to Mr. Taylor and to the country he represents. His speech to the Emperor was in German, and the monarch was exceedingly cordial and pleasant.

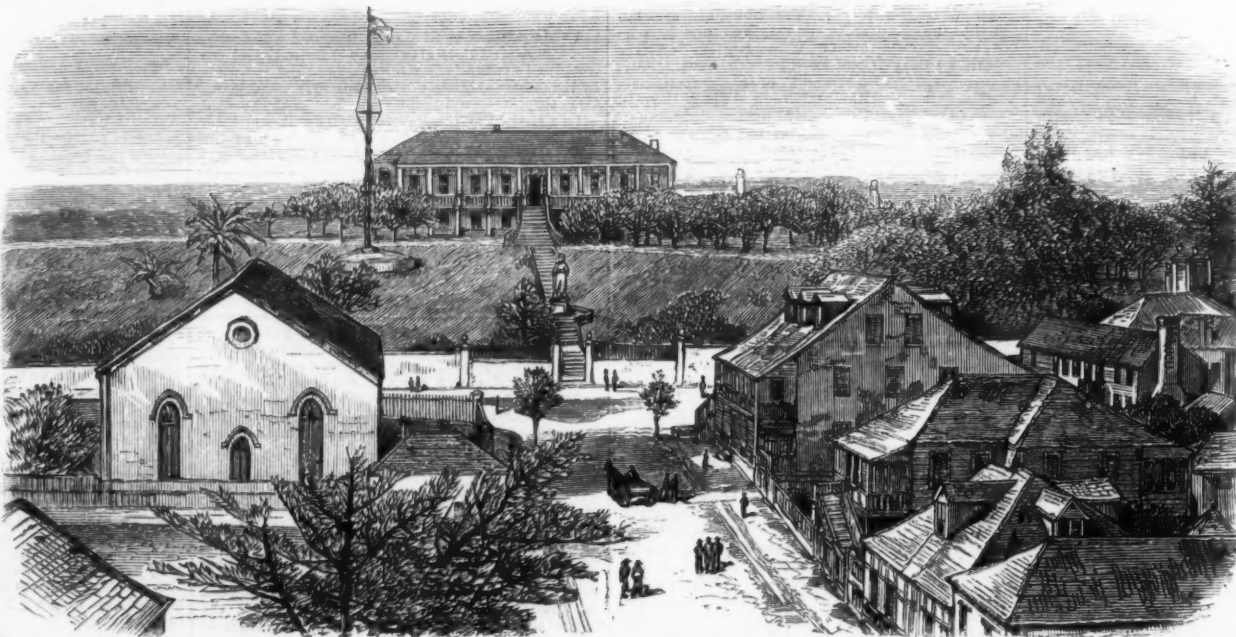
ROYAL and princely fêtes abound in Europe. On the 25th ult. Duke Ernest of Altenburg celebrated his silver wedding; May 26th was the twenty-fifth anniversary of the marriage of Frederick, Landgrave of Hesse; June 18th, of that of King Albert of Saxony; August 22d, of that of King Leopold of the Belgians; September 26th, of that of Duke George of Waldeck. Duke Maximilian of Bavaria, father of the Empress of Austria, on the 9th of September celebrates his golden wedding. The Grand Duke of Saxo-Weimar and Duke of Saxe-Altenburg celebrate this year the twenty-fifth anniversary of their accession. Next year comes the Emperor of Germany's golden wedding and the silver wedding of Marshal MacMahon, of the Duke of Anhalt, of the Emperor of Austria, and of Prince Frederick Charles of Prussia.



VISITING THE SEA GARDENS.

SCENES IN SUN-
LANDS.BY
MRS. FRANK LESLIE.NASSAU.—GOVERN-
MENT HOUSE—SEA
GARDENS—BLOCK-
ADE-RUNNERS—THE
LIBRARY.

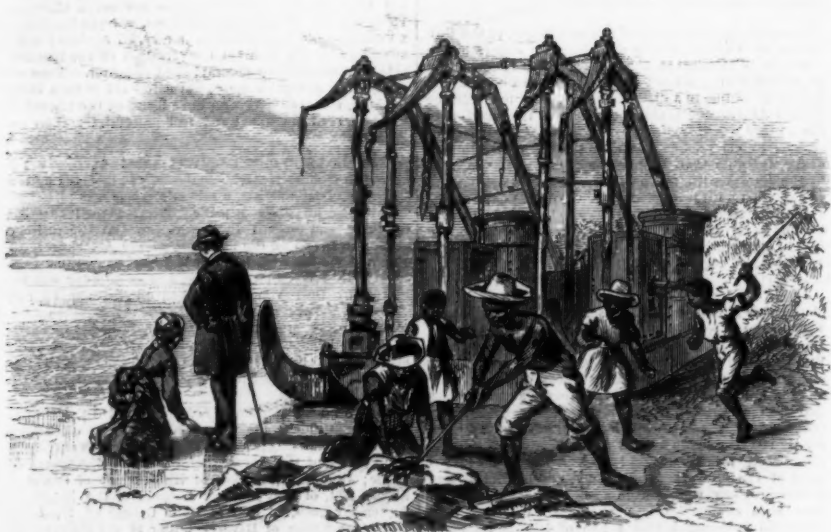
ON the same range of hills with the prison stands Government House, the official residence of the Governor-General of the Bahamas, who is sent from England for a term of five years. The present incumbent is His Excellency William Robinson, a gentleman whose fine personal appearance and commanding stature suggest that nature endowed him at his birth with something of the "divine right" to govern, as certainly as education and habitude have fitted him to carry out the promise of his physique. He is extremely popular with all classes of the people, and devotes himself heart and soul to the advancement and well-being of his charge. Quite through his influence the funds are provided and



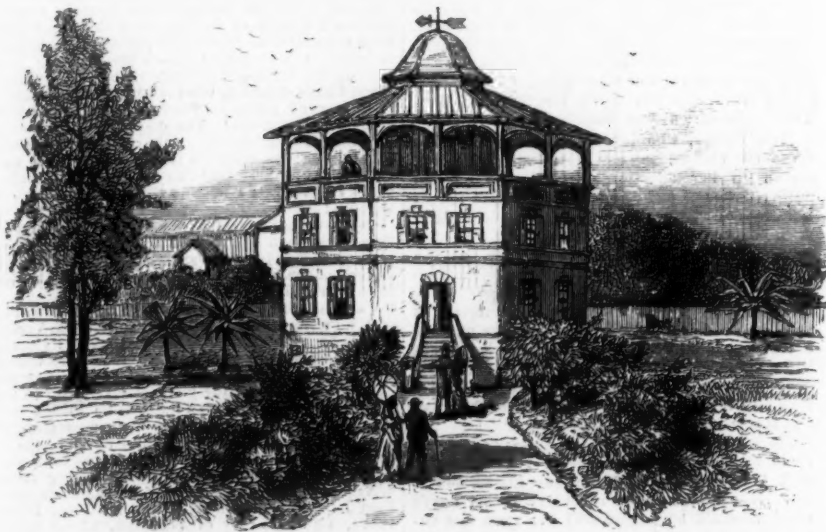
GOVERNMENT HOUSE.

the foundations laid for a fine stone schoolhouse, to be called the Victoria School, for the education of the poorer classes, and his beneficent influence is felt in every branch of the colonial commerce, industry, discipline, and social and moral life. Governor Robinson has withal found time for some profound historical research in regard to the derivation of the names of several of the Bahama Islands, and his paper on the subject addressed to the Earl of Carnarvon will be found full of interest to the antiquarian.

Government House is a comparatively new building, the old residence being converted into a hospital. It is a large and handsome structure of limestone, containing some handsome apartments, and commanding from its verandas one of the most charming views possible to imagine, covering nearly the whole town, whose low white houses and red roofs are set in a bed of waving palm branches and blossoming rose-trees, the busy, picturesque wharfs and market, and beyond them the wonderful waters of Nassau harbor, with the

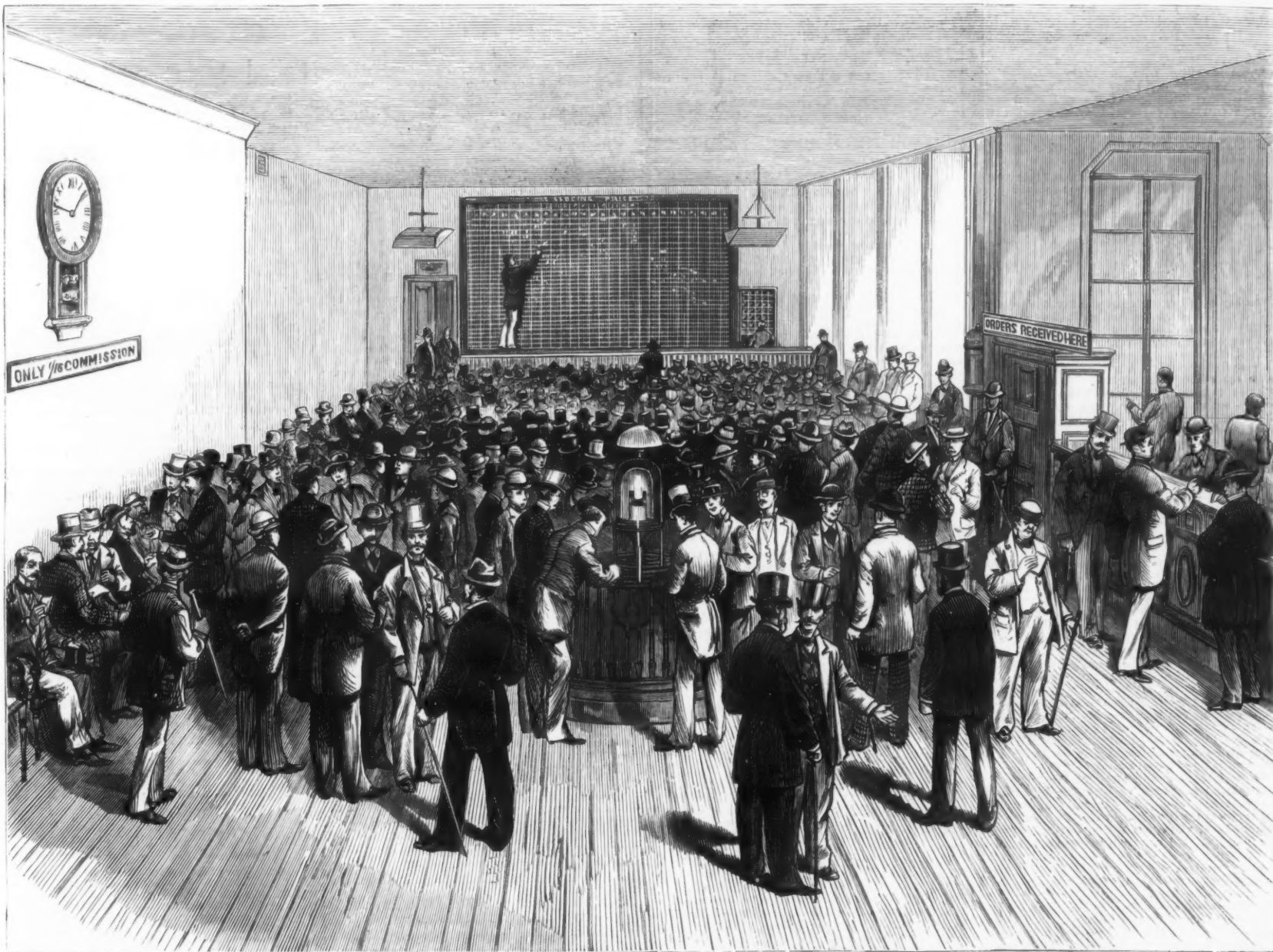


THE REMAINS OF A YANKEE BLOCKADE-RUNNER.

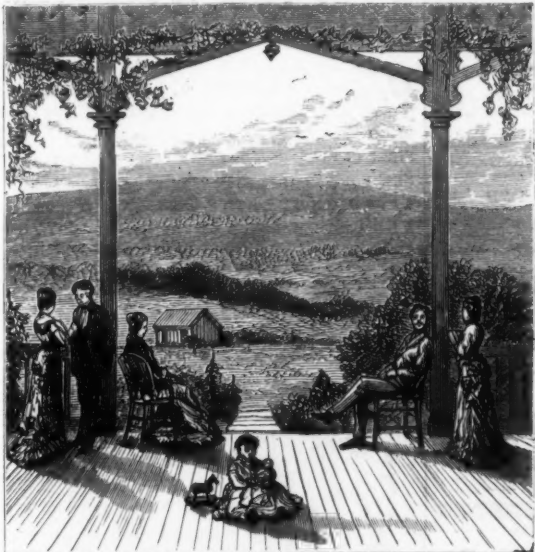


PUBLIC LIBRARY.

SCENES IN SUN-LANDS.—INCIDENTS OF A TRIP FROM NEW YORK TO NASSAU—SKETCHES OF LIFE AND SCENERY IN NASSAU, NEW PROVIDENCE.
FROM PHOTOGRAPHS BY J. F. COONLEY AND SKETCHES BY WALTER YEAGER.



NEW YORK CITY.—INTERIOR OF A MINOR STOCK EXCHANGE FOR SPECULATION ON SMALL MARGINS.—SEE PAGE 287.



VIEW OF THE NEIGHBORHOOD FROM THE HOTEL PIAZZA.

long queer island shutting them in, and beyond that again the purple open sea stretching far to the north—and home.

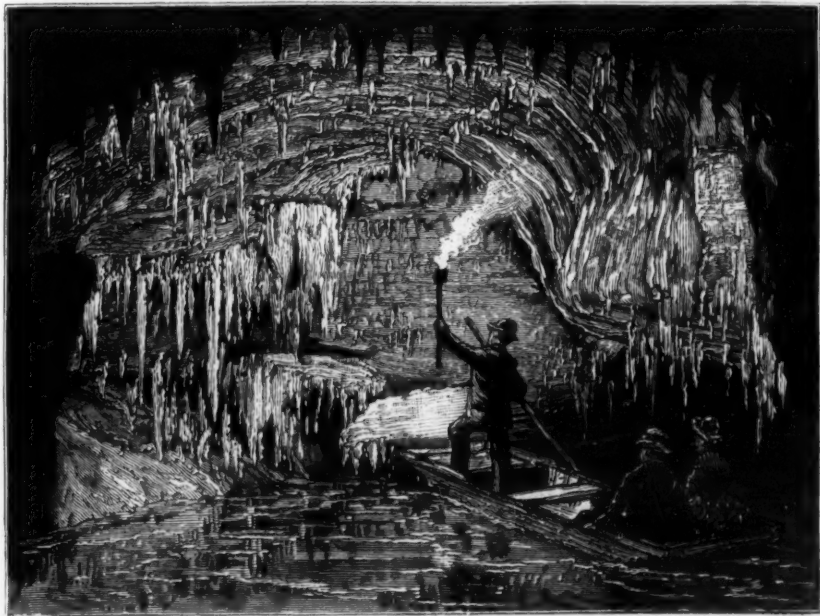
These waters of the harbor are really wonderful, and deserve more than a passing word, for the coloring ranges from deep purple to a marvelous metallic, lustrous green, unlike anything to be seen in any other portion of the world; especially just off the western point of Hog Island, there is a patch of color so vivid and unreal in its beauty that one looks and looks again to see if the first impression can really be correct, as if it were not indeed some lovely optical illusion.

Bierstadt, who has spent some time here, and whose fair young wife has been one of the ornaments of the best social circle of Nassau during the past Winter, is reported to have said that he would not attempt to paint this wonderful water, for not only did his pigments fail to represent it, but the effect upon canvas would be so unreal as to throw discredit both upon artist and scene!

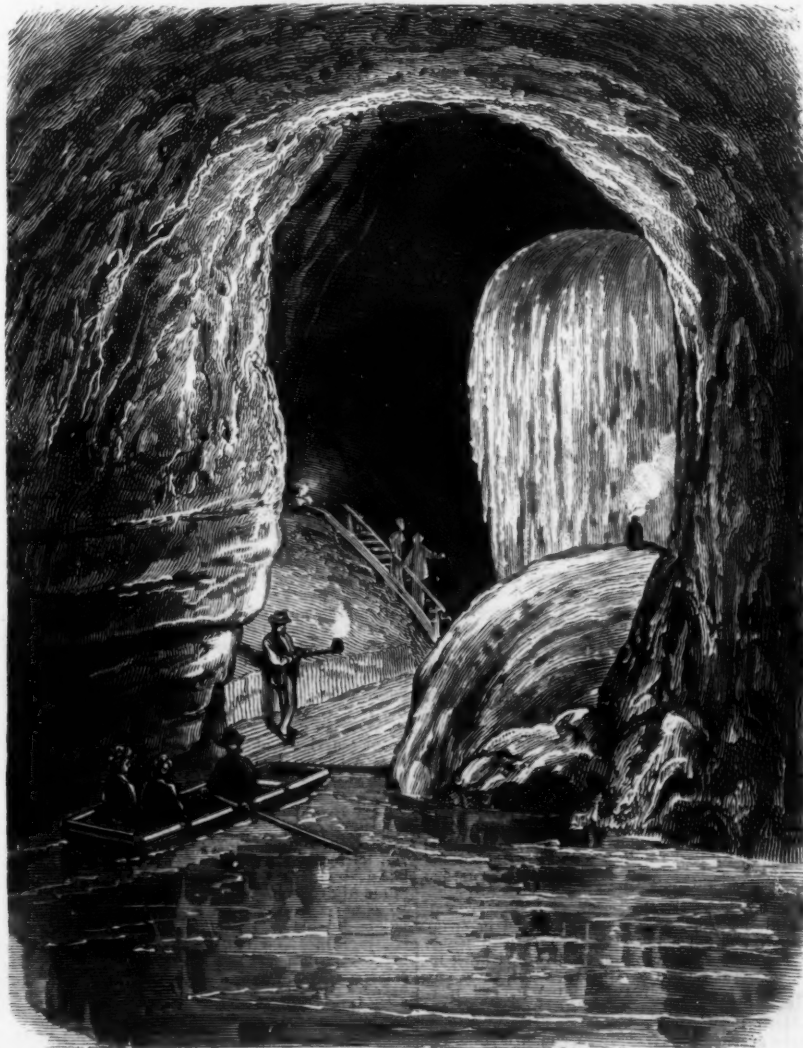
The practical people who insist upon explaining everything say that the peculiarity of this coloring is due to the great transparency of the water and the beds of pure white sand, which give the lustrous green effect, and patches of weed and rock, which lend the purple hue; but, for our part, we never could pull butterflies and flowers to pieces to obtain microscopic evidence of their loveliness, but are well

satisfied to enjoy the wondrous beauty, *pur et simple*, with which God has clothed his creation.

Near the foot of the long flight of steps leading from Government House down to the street stands a colossal statue of Columbus, forming a fine feature as one looks up at the stately mansion from Bay Street and below. The large grounds attached to the house are skillfully laid out, and so well conducted as to be quite a pride to every white resident of the little island. The rarity of fine kitchen-gardens in Nassau may be imagined by the boast made to us, in a tone deprecating incredulity, that the Governor had the



AN EXCURSION ON THE LAKE IN THE CAVE.



PULPIT ROCK AND STAIRWAY, AS SEEN FROM THE LAKE.

vegetables for his table raised in his own garden—even the cabbages. Judging by the appearance of some prosperous-looking cows, we hazarded a guess that Government House is also provided with genuine and fresh milk, an article of luxury here, selling at thirty cents per quart, thus reducing most persons to the use of a very limited supply of either this or condensed milk, mingled with water, a compound fatal to the flavor of tea if not of coffee.

Our first view of the interior of the Government House was on the occasion of one of Mrs. Robinson's day-receptions, when we were presented by our Consul. Mrs. Robinson holds these receptions weekly, and has also instituted afternoon dances for the young people, who seem to enjoy, hugely, the pleasures of Terpsichore. More formal entertainments, in the way of state dinners and balls, are given occasionally during the season, and we were very sorry to lose one of the latter by sailing from Nassau on the very date on which it was given. We did, however, share in a festivity of that nature given by the *élite* of the island society, the Governor and Mrs. Robinson accepting an invitation and receiving the guests.

It was an exceedingly pretty entertainment: the council chamber was draped for the occasion with flags and decorated with such mounds of flowers as in other climes the most lavish host could not attempt to rival. The dresses were novel and pretty—some of them very rich, and all of them of the latest mode. The English style of dancing is somewhat different from our own, and conservatism is marked in the unvarying figures of the cotillon, which succeed each other so certainly that "calling" is an unknown institution.

Round dances, as with us, are more popular than square, and light hearts and light feet beat out the happy hours between eight o'clock and three as merrily as such hours have flown for all of us in the days of early youth.

We who did not dance found entertainment, nevertheless, in conversation and promenading, now with the Governor and now with Mr. McLain or his charming wife, whom one would be proud to feel represented our people at any court in the world. Mrs. McLain is unfortunately delicate in health, and her husband accepted this consulate rather than a higher position, out of consideration for her well-being; but whenever she is able to appear in society her genial and truly womanly influence makes itself felt in this little circle as plainly as it has for years in the wider one to which she is accustomed. Of Mr. McLain one need only say that the American citizen who in Nassau finds himself a stranger in a strange land may rely upon the active, friendly and judicious advice and offices of his own Consul as confidently as at home he would upon his own best friend.

We were much disappointed at the failure of a water-party planned for us by these kind friends, and prevented by a young tornado which chose that very day for visiting the island, where its progenitors have, at various times, caused considerable damage. We were consequently obliged to do our boating under less agreeable circumstances, trusting ourselves to "Sampson's" guidance and seamanship, than which, he himself avers, the world produces nothing finer.

Our first expedition was to Hog Island, upon whose outer shore the surf breaks as magnificently as at Long Branch, and where the pedestrian may travel as many miles on soft white sand or among prickly ragged vegetation as he chooses. There are shells to be picked up near the eastern end of the island, and near the western, where the lighthouse stands, an iron blockade-runner laid her bones in the time of the last war, and has been calmly rusting to pieces ever since, unmolested by the placid Nassauers, who prefer doing without old iron to breaking up a wreck to obtain it.

We had rather calculated upon getting some pungent anecdotes about these same blockade-runners and their hair-breadth 'escapes or otherwise, for every one knows that Nassau was the headquarters of these gentry, and much discontent was felt by our Government towards that of England for harboring, coaling and assisting them; but so stringent a habit of caution was formed in those days by all concerned in the matter that it still retains its hold, and not an individual whom we questioned had anything to say beyond the fact that in those days Nassau was another place than now, the harbor crowded with sails and steam-craft, the wharves and docks busy day and night, and workmen so scarce and so much in demand that day-wages doubled and trebled, and the negroes waxed "fat and saucy" beyond belief.

Gold coin was then a common tender, and anything smaller than a quarter of a dollar—the English shilling—was scorned by those who now meekly accept a threepence with "T'anky, massa." But no human being, old or young, black or white, remembers that any individual blockade-runner came into Nassau or went away, or had any dealings with the inhabitants, and we fear that the sweet insidious air saps the memory as it does the energy.

Besides the surf and the shells, and the light-house and the blockade-runner, and the bathing, there is not much to see at Hog Island, and visitors are soon ready to re-embark and skim along the bright waters to the "Sea Garden," where the boat is moored, and if the waters are calm enough the white sand of the sea-bed may be seen glimmering up through the waves. But presently Sampson produces his "water-glass"—a square box, one end open, the other fitted with a pane of common window glass; this end is thrust into the water for a few inches and the observer looking into the open end is disposed to think Sampson's simple-looking apparatus is the veritable magic glass of the old stories, for through it a new world is opened.

Upon the white sand of the sea-bed there grow as in a garden such marvelous shapes of form and beauty as one never sees in upper air, for, like many another lovely thing, to pluck the flowers of this garden is to destroy them—to make them one's own is to lose them for ever.

Sea-fans or sea-fans wave their delicate foliage, tinted of every shade of yellow and orange, from white to the deepest of gold, of dusky-red and brown, and all but black; the sea-anemone, that wonderful hybrid of flower and animal life, blooms or breathes in ever-varying tints; sea-weed of every rare shape and color floats idly in the marvelous water; coral and sponge grow year by year to forms of beauty and use, and in and out among the foliage of the subterranean grove glide the birds of this fair garden, the dainty shining blue-fish, and many another finny aristocrat who seems to find this his fitting home.

The boatman always carries, among other furniture of the boat, a boy or two, clad in diving trowsers and not much else, who is here ready, for a modest compensation, to dive and bring up any special specimen of sponge, coral, or sea-fan which the voyager may point out, and it is rather a peculiar sight to watch one of these sable men tugging with both hands at a toughly rooted specimen, his feet waving fin-like in the air, and presently returning breathless to the surface bringing his spoil in triumph.

At some distance from the sea-garden lie the coral reefs, where one sees whole forests of branch

coral, some specimens of great size, but none of the red hue most familiar to us as coral-color by the specimens brought from the Mediterranean and Southern Seas, for this Bahama coral is all white or dingy yellow and not hard enough to polish or carve. Besides these marine attractions there are fine fishing-grounds in various localities.

HO! FOR THE MOUNTAINS AND MINES

COLORADO AND THE SAN JUAN, AND A SOLAR ECLIPSE.

As previously announced, an excursion party of prominent business and professional gentlemen, with ladies, will leave Chicago for Colorado and the San Juan, on Monday, July 1st, at 10:30 A.M. The excursion train will leave the Grand Union Depot of the Chicago and Rock Island Railroad, on Van Buren Street, via said road and the Union Pacific, reaching Denver Wednesday, July 3d.

Thence on Friday, July 5th, proceed via Denver and Rio Grande Railroad to Fort Garland and Alamosa, over the Grand La Veta Pass of the Sangre de Christo Range, at the altitude of 9,486 feet. This elevation is the highest attained by any railroad in the world, save one in South America.

Railroading above the clouds is a novel experience with most men.

From Cheyenne on the north to La Veta south the train skirts the entire eastern base of the Sierra Madre range of the Rockies—the main backbone of the Continent—for the distance of three hundred miles, the mountains being upon the right, and the plains, stretching away a thousand miles, at the left.

On Saturday, July 6th, the party will proceed by Barlow & Sanderson's Stage Line to Hot Springs, Wagon Wheel Gap, and reach Lake City Tuesday, July 9th. From this until Wednesday, July 24th, there will be opportunities to range the unrivaled mountain scenery of the highest altitudes of the North American Continent; to study their wondrous geologic pages of earth's earliest history; to inspect their innumerable mines, pouring forth their untold wealth in the precious metals, and to fish and hunt to the heart's content, where mountain trout and game exist without number.

To the lover of nature in her wildest, grandest conditions—to the student and those interested in mines and minerals—to the toil-laden in need of recreation, and to the pleasure-seeker in pursuit of realms new and untrodden, these regions present unrivaled attractions.

THE SOLAR ECLIPSE.

On Wednesday, July 24th to 26th, the party will return to Colorado Springs, Garden of the Gods, and Pike's Peak, where, on July 29th, will be observed, from very near the central line of the moon's shadow, that rare and magnificent spectacle, seldom witnessed in a life-time. THE TOTAL ECLIPSE OF THE SUN, with the resplendent corona attending it.

Thence returning via Atchison, Topeka and Santa Fé Railroad and the C., R. I. & P., the excursionists will be due in Chicago the first day of August. Round trip tickets, entitling the holder to one fare from Chicago to Lake City and return, will be \$136. Sleeping berths, if desired, \$15 additional. Arrangements have been made for liberal discounts from usual hotel and restaurant charges.

Among those constituting the party, business men and the professions will be represented by many prominent names: the Chicago Academy of Sciences by Professor Edmund Andrews; the Chicago Historical Society by Professor A. D. Hager, Secretary; the University of Chicago by Professor C. G. Wheeler; the Press by one of the staff of the *Chicago Tribune*; the Railroads by A. Marvel, Esq., A. G. Superintendent, and A. M. Smith, G. P. A., C., R. I. & P. R. R., and Major T. J. Anderson, Gen'l. P. A., T. & S. F. R. R. The party will go and return together. Every arrangement will be made for the comfort and pleasure of the party.

Names should be registered by June 20th, to facilitate a completion of arrangements, and tickets secured by June 29th, by application to

NICHOLAS & LEE,

MINING ENGINEERS AND METALLURGISTS,
No. 56 Clark Street, Chicago.
(Office of Chicago, R. I. & P. R. R.)
Adjoining Sherman House entrance.

SUCCESSFUL STOCK OPERATIONS.

THE banking house of Messrs. Lawrence & Co., No. 57 Exchange Place, near the New York Stock Exchange, has recently inaugurated a system of operating in the Stocks dealt in at the Board that gives great satisfaction to their customers, and is the most successful of any plan ever adopted. The reports of fabulous profits realized to numerous parties by this plan during the late continued activity in the Stock Market, has led us to investigate the matter closely. Prominent members of the Stock Exchange state that the system is based on correct and safe business principles, and is the only method by which large operators attain their greatest success. The plan is simply one of *pooling or combining* the orders of thousands of customers and operating them as one *mighty whole*. This places the pool on an equality in every respect with the leaders of the street, such as Vanderbilt, Sage, Keene, Gould and others. Whoever knows anything of the way things go in Wall Street is aware that the big operators who can command unlimited capital are able to raise or depress the market at any time, by large purchases or sales, in such a manner as to secure immense profits. Lawrence & Co., by the combination method, are able to accomplish the same results, and can buy or bear the market in the interest of their customers. As their whole interest lies in the commissions made out of the business, they naturally wish to make their operations aggregate as large as possible. The unceasing activity of the average American citizen always has, and always will, lead him to buy and sell and trade whenever and wherever he can see a reasonable prospect of making a profit. While we do not recommend any one to rush blindly into speculation, we believe the method of Lawrence & Co. to be the most safe and successful of any that can be found for people who are not themselves millionaires, but wish to become so. Any sum from \$10 to \$10,000 can be placed with this firm, and will be entered in the pool forming at the time, and profits divided *pro rata* to each customer every thirty days. New pools are formed every day or two. The firm will send their comprehensive circular, giving full details, to any applicant.

SOME one discussing with Lord Beaconsfield the celebrated Salisbury circular, asked, "How do you suppose the Russians will construe that paragraph?" mentioning one in particular. "They won't construe it, I expect," replied the ready premier; "they will decline it."

FUN.

PARADOXICAL—"High words" only means, in most cases, "low language."

IN Turkey an imperial proclamation is called a *hatt*. Caput-al idea. [Versa-tile Exchange.]

DETROIT has an "Applepie Street," and the upper crust doesn't live on it either.

A BALTIMORE Alderman who had sat speechless at the meetings of the Board for years, was aroused, by frequent droves of cattle passing his house on Sunday, to this, his first and only oratorical effort: "Phwat I want to know, yer honor, is, are the pay-ple of the Fourteenth Ward to be trot up by oxen of a Sunday morning? I move, be jabbers, I guess not."

A CORRESPONDENT writes: "One evening our old friend, the Rev. Dr. —, took tea with us. Out of politeness, I asked him to give thanks, forgetting for the moment the presence of my granddaughter and the fact that the doctor was long-winded. The child started us all, right in the middle of the grace, by exclaiming, in a loud voice, 'Oh! Amen! Hand me the biscuit!'"

CLUB SMOKING-ROOM, 6:30 P. M.—*Octogenarian*—"Let me offer you a light and save you the trouble of getting up!" *Youth*—"A—tha-nks! So kind of you!" *Octogenarian*—"Don't mention it! I always make it a point of being civil to rich young men who smoke and drink sherry just before dinner!" *Youth*—"A—why?" *Octogenarian*—"Well—they might perhaps mention me in their wills, you know!"

AFTER-DINNER ORATOR: "It's in the wonderful insight into 'human nature' that Dickens gets the pull over Thackeray; but, on t'other hand, it's in the brilliant shafts of satire, together with the keen sense of humor, that Dickens gets the pull over Thackeray. It's just this, Dickens is the humorist, and Dickens is the satirist. But, after all, it's 'saub to instoot any comparison between Dickens and Thackeray.'"

A HARD CASE.—Enter young husband, who throws himself into a chair and exclaims: "What! toothache again, Maria! I do call that hard upon a feller! Why, you had toothache when I left this morning! And here have I been at the races all day, with the jolliest lot of fellers ever got together in one drag, and won a pot of money, and had no end of a jolly time, and I did think I should find something cheerful and jolly to greet a feller when I got home! And there you are! toothache again! I do call it hard on a feller—precious hard!"

For Sale, at a great bargain, Appleton's New American Cyclopaedia, new edition, sixteen volumes, sheep, perfect and entirely new. Address, "Appleton," Box 4121, New York.

Select Trip to Europe.—PROF. CYR sails from New York, July 3d, on a tour of two months. Superior advantages offered. Expenses, \$385. For circulars, address Prof. Cyr, French Institute, Boston, Mass.

Quichua Coca Bitters have attained a large sale in this country, on account of being prescribed so freely by physicians for otherwise incurable cases of Chills and Fever, Dyspepsia and similar complaints.

STUTTERING cured by Bates's Appliances. Send for description to SIMPSON & CO., Box 5076, New York.

GRATEFUL—COMFORTING.

EPPS'S (BREAKFAST) COCOA.

Sold only in Packets labelled
JAMES EPPS & CO.,
HOMEOPATHIC CHEMISTS,
LONDON.

At Reasonable Rates—Money on Life and Endowment Insurance Policies and Mortgages; same bought; insurance of all kinds effected with best companies. J. J. HABRICH & CO., 165 & 167 Broadway.

ST. NICHOLAS HOTEL, New York City.

This popular resort for travelers has been rejuvenated and improved, and business continued without interruption under the same management. All the features that have so signally contributed to its world-wide reputation will be maintained. A uniform tariff of \$3.50 per day for all parts of the house.

URIAH WELCH, Proprietor.
Late firm S. HAWK & CO.

HAVE YOU SEEN THE MATRIMONIAL TIMES?

It's just the paper you want. Each number contains two or three columns of Corresponding Advertisements from both sexes who desire your correspondence or acquaintance. Send 10 Cts. for sample copy.

WHITE & CO., Pub., Box 3467, Boston, Mass.

TUMBRIDGE & CO. STOCK EXCHANGE, 21 New Street and 62 Broadway,

Stocks bought and sold in lots of any number of shares on margin of one per cent. or over.

Operators have the option of trading on B 3, 8, 3, or Regular Sale. Additional margin will be received at any time before the original margin is exhausted.

COMMISSIONS. TUMBRIDGE & CO.

Beware of Counterfeits and Imitations!
BOKER'S BITTERS.
The best Stomach Bitters known, containing most valuable medicinal properties in all cases of Bowel Complaints; a sure specific against Dyspepsia, Fever, Ague, etc. A fine cordial in itself, if taken pure; it is also most excellent for mixing with other cordials, wines, etc. Comparatively the cheapest Bitters in existence.
L. FURKE, Jr., Sole Agent, No. 78 John Street, New York. P. O. Box 1029.

GUION LINE.

United States Mail Steamers FOR LIVERPOOL, From Pier New 38, N. R., New York. EVERY TUESDAY.

	Tons.		Tons.
Wyoming.....	3,716	Idaho.....	3,132
Nevada.....	3,125	Montana.....	4,330
Wisconsin.....	3,730	Arizona.....	5,300

These Steamers are built of Iron, in water-tight compartments, and are furnished with every requisite to make the passage across the Atlantic both safe and agreeable, having Bath-room, Smoking-room, Drawing-room, Piano and Library; also, experienced Surgeon, Stewards and Caterer, on each steamer.

The State-rooms are all on Deck, thus insuring those greatest of all luxuries at sea, perfect ventilation and light. CABIN PASSAGE, according to State-rooms, \$60 to \$80 INTERMEDIATE.... \$40. | STEERAGE.... \$26.

OFFICES, No. 29 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.

WILLIAMS & GUION.

ONLY DIRECT LINE TO FRANCE.

General Transatlantic Company.

Between New York and Havre. Pier new 42, N. R., foot Morton Street.

LABRADOR, Captain Sanglier, Wednesday, June 19, 9 A. M.

CANADA, Captain Franguel, Wednesday, June 26, 2 P. M.

PEREIRE, Captain Danre, Wednesday, July 3, 8 A. M.

PRICE OF PASSAGE IN GOLD (including wine):
TO HAVRE—First Cabin, \$100; Second Cabin, \$65;
Third Cabin, \$35.
Steerage, \$28, including wine, bedding and utensils.
Steamers marked thus (*) do not carry steerage passengers.

LOUIS DE BEBIAN, Agent, 55 Broadway.

ANCHOR LINE

Popular Route to Europe.

Steamers sail from New York every WEDNESDAY and SATURDAY to GLASGOW, LONDON or LIVERPOOL. Cabins, \$65 to \$80. Steerage, \$28. Passengers booked to any point on the Continent of Europe at lowest rates. HENDERSON BROTHERS, Agents, 7 BOWLING GREEN, NEW YORK.

FALL RIVER LINE

—FOR—

BOSTON

And all Points East, via Newport and Fall River. Mammoth Palace steamers BRISTOL and EXODUS leave New York daily from foot of Murray Street.

5 P. M. | SUNDAY TRIPS, | From 28, N. R.
June 23 to Sept. 8, inc. | pier 28, N. R.
Leave Brooklyn, via "Annex" boat, at 4.30 P. M.

Tickets and State Rooms secured at all principal hotels and ticket offices, at the pier, and on steamers.

BORDEN & LOVELL, Agents.

GEO. L. CONNOR, General Passenger Agent.

People's Evening Line

For ALBANY, SARATOGA, LAKE

CHAMPLAIN, LAKE GEORGE, the

ADIRONDACKS, MONTREAL,

and the

NORTH and

WEST.

Great Reduction of Fare

NEW YORK TO ALBANY.

1.50 EXCURSION to

ALBANY AND RETURN.

DECK, ————— 25 cts.

Steamer DREW or ST. JOHN leaves Pier 41, N. R., daily, including Sunday, 6 P. M. Free transfer to and from Brooklyn by Brooklyn "Annex" Boats.

Through Tickets can be had at the office on the pier; at all Westcott Express offices; at the hotels and ticket offices in New York, or of connecting Railroad and Steamboat Lines.

S. E. MAYO, Gen. Passenger Agent.

1.—For Moth Patches, Freckles and Tan.

The only reliable cure known to science is

PERRY'S MOTH AND FRECKLE LOTION.

2.—For Pimples on the Face, Blackheads or

Flesh Worms, use PERRY'S COMEDONE AND

PIMPLE REMEDY, an

infallible Skin Medicine, or consult Dr. B. C. PERRY, Dermatologist, of 49 Bond St., New York. Both Medicines are sold by Druggists.

HOWE'S CAVE, Schoharie County, New York,

is located on the line of the A. and S. R. R., is three miles in length, and is the only cave in the world lighted by gas. Tourists will find at the mouth of the cave a First-class Hotel. The cave is visited by thousands yearly. Admission to cave, \$1.

E. HILTS, Proprietor.

D. Shea, 430 Broome St., New York, offers a large and varied assortment of clothing for men and boys at retail. Goods sent C. O. D., with privilege to examine before purchasing. Rules for self-measurement mailed free. Satisfaction guaranteed.

IF YOU WANT FLAGS OR BANNERS OF SILK OR BUNTING—BEST GOODS LOW PRICES & GOOD WORK ORDER OF GILBERT HUBBARD & CO., CHICAGO ILL.

BOHEMIAN BIER.

SCHMITT & KOEHNE.

Central Park Lager Bier

Brewery,

Brewery & Office, 159-165

E. 59th St. Ice house and

Rock-vaule, 56-57th Street,

Ave. A, and East River, N. Y.

We guarantee "BOHEMIAN BIER" to equal Imported Bier in all respects, and to Excel Domestic and Western Biers in Taste, Color and Substance, thus making it the

"BEST SHIPPING BIER."

Sold cheaper than Western Bier.

L.S.L.

A SPLENDID OPPORTUNITY TO WIN A FORTUNE. SEVENTH GRAND DISTRIBUTION, 1878, AT NEW ORLEANS, TUESDAY, JULY 9TH.

Louisiana State Lottery Company.

This Institution was regularly incorporated by the Legislature of the State for Educational and Charitable purposes, in 1868, with a Capital of \$1,000,000, to which it has since added a reserve fund of \$350,000. Its Grand Single Number Distribution will take place monthly on the second Tuesday. It never scales or postpones. Look at the following Distribution:

CAPITAL PRIZE, \$30,000.

100,000 TICKETS AT TWO DOLLARS EACH.

HALF-TICKETS, ONE DOLLAR.

LIST OF PRIZES:

1 Capital Prize, \$30,000

1 Capital Prize, 5,000

1 Capital Prize, 5,000

2 Prizes of \$2,500, 5,000

5 Prizes of 1,000, 5,000

20 Prizes of 500, 10,000

100 Prizes of 100, 10,000

200 Prizes of 50, 10,000

500 Prizes of 20, 10,000

1,000 Prizes of 10, 10,000

APPROXIMATION PRIZES:

9 Approximation Prizes of \$300, 2,700

9 Approximation Prizes of 200, 1,800

9 Approximation Prizes of 100, 900

1,837 Prizes, amounting to \$110,400

Responsible corresponding agents wanted at all prominent points, to whom a liberal compensation will be paid.

Application for rates to clubs should only be made to the Home Office in New Orleans.

Write, clearly stating full address, for further information or send orders to

M. A. DAUPHIN,

P. O. Box 692, New Orleans, La.,

Or to H. L. PLUM,

319 Broadway, New York.

All our Grand Extraordinary Drawings are under the supervision and management of GENERALS G. T. BEAUREGARD and JUBAL A. EARLY.

KEEP'S SHIRTS.

The Best and Cheapest in the World.

WE CANNOT MAKE BETTER SHIRTS

AT ANY PRICE.

All made from the celebrated Wamsutta Muslin; bosoms 3-ply, all linen. The very best.

Keep's Patent Partly Made Shirts, 6 for \$7.

Only plain seams to finish.

Keep's Custom Shirts, the very best, to measure, 6 for \$9.

Keep's Fancy Paralel Shirts, to measure, 6 for \$9. Perfect satisfaction guaranteed.

An elegant set of extra heavy Gold-plated Buttons presented to every purchaser of 6 Shirts.

KEEP'S UNDERWEAR.

Pepperill Jean Drawers, very best, 50 cents each.

Nainsook Undervests, very best, 75c. each.

Canton Flannel Vests and Drawers, 75c. each.

KEEP'S UMBRELLAS.

Best Gingham, with Patented Protected Ribs, \$1 each.

Twisted Silk, Paragon Frames, \$3.

Ladies' Sun Umbrellas, newest styles, \$2.50 each.

KEEP'S COLLARS, CUFFS, Etc.

Four-Ply Linen Collars, 6 for 75c.

Four-Ply Linen Cuffs, \$1.50 half dozen.

English Half-hose, super stout, 25c. pair.

Pure Linen Cambric Handkerchiefs, \$1.50 half-dozen.

Samples and circulars mailed free, on application.

All goods warranted.

Shirts only delivered free.

Merchants will be furnished with Trade Circulars, on application, as we are prepared to furnish the trade on the most favorable terms.

KEEP MANUFACTURING CO.,

165 and 167 Mercer St., New York.

Frank Leslie's

CHIMNEY CORNER

Is an American Household Journal of great merit, and very eminent writers are its regular contributors. It has a constant succession of Serial Novels; interesting Short Stories completed in each number; Sketches, Biographies, Essays, Travels, History, Anecdotes, etc., etc. It is admirably and profusely illustrated.

It is issued every Monday, and can be had at all news depots, price 10 cents. Annual Subscription, \$4. Three months, \$1. Postpaid.

Frank Leslie's Publishing House,

53, 55 & 57 Park Place, New York.

M. CRANE & Co. ELECTROTYPERS

57 Park Place N.Y. STEREOTYPERS.

Fac-similes of Wood-cuts, fine Engravings, etc. BOOK-WORK

A SPECIALTY.—ESTIMATES furnished on application.

"Mr. Crane has done all my electrotype and stereotype work for the past ten years."—FRANK LESLIE.

60 Decalcomanie or Transfer Pictures

10c. 60 Scrap or Jar Pictures, 10c.—all post-paid

J. W. FRIZZELL, 473 W. Baltimore St., Baltimore, Md.

30 Mixed Cards, Snowflake, Damask, etc., no 2 alike,

with name, 10c. J. Minkler & Co., Nassau, N. Y.

25 Fancy Cards, Snowflake Damask. Assorted in 25

styles, with name, 10 cts. Nassau Card Co., Nassau,

New York.

40 CARDS, latest style, with name, 10c. or in

case, 13 cts. 25 style Fun and Flirtation Cards,

10 cts. E. D. GILBERT, P.M., Higganum, Conn.

50 Snowflake, Crown, Gold Dust and Damask Cards,

no 2 alike, your name on all in gold and jet, 10c.

G. A. SPRING & CO., EAST WALLINGFORD, CONN.

Send 25 Cents

FOR

A SPECIMEN COPY

OF

Frank Leslie's

POPULAR MONTHLY.

The Cheapest Magazine Published

in the World.

Frank Leslie's Publishing House,

53, 55 & 57 Park Place, New York.

Do we Neglect our "National Holidays"?

Every nation has its memories; sacred memories which recall its earliest struggles for its first existence. They urge a people on to greatness, and from their celebration is derived patriotic feeling, and love of country. Just as soon as any nation begins to forget the past, to ignore the worthy and laudable actions of its founders, then its decay is near at hand. When Rome forgot the simplicity and true patriotism of Cincinnatus, she lost her independence. With every national holiday there is connected a story of intense interest, which every child begins to learn at an early age, and a holy interest inspires the child when it listens to stories of the heroic deeds of its fathers, when surrounded by poverty, for the cause of liberty and justice. Where is the American that does not feel exultant when the booming of cannons and ringing of bells usher in the Fourth of July? The bells tell us that we are free, and the canon adds: "We shall ever remain so." Songs may appeal to the feelings for a time, but they become monotonous and die away, else they are only sung for pastime. National monuments will recall to our minds our great warriors and statesmen, but they yield to time and crumble to decay. National holidays wear out time. They are subject to none of its changes and will last as long as the nation itself. Let us celebrate them with due honor, and take every means in our power to perpetuate them.

THE UNEXCELLED FIREWORKS CO., 7 Park Place, New York.

Flags, Lanterns, Balloons, Fireworks, &c., &c.

DELIGHTFUL SUNDAY READING.

Frank Leslie's

SUNDAY MAGAZINE.

REV. CHARLES FORCE DENNIS, D.D., LL.D., Editor.

The JULY Number,

Now Ready,

Commences a New Volume of this brilliant periodical which receives the highest commendation of the Clergy, the Press, and all classes of the community.

It contains some forty separate articles, and the illustrations number over seventy. The contents are of an exceedingly varied, interesting, amusing and instructive character. Among the prominent papers are:

"THE HOMES OF ST. JOHN" by Rev. John F. Hurst, D.D., President of Drew Theological Seminary, illustrated with views showing the present appearance of all the places, from Bethesda to Patmos, which can be identified as having been the successive abodes of the Beloved Disciple; "THE ARMENIANS," by George Smith;

"THE LEFER OF AOSTA," a thrilling story, translated from the French by Miss Clara de Graffenreid; "OLIVER CROMWELL AND THE PURITANS," by Alfred H. Guernsey;

"ROSE ELLIOTT," a Scottish story, by Jane G. Owsen; a sermon by the Editor, the subject being "God's GLOXY SHINING IN JESUS"; "POPULAR EXGRESSES" of several passages of Scripture; editorial comments upon "ANNIVERSARY WEEK" and other current topics of interest;

critical notices of several leading books of the month, etc., etc.

etc., etc.

etc., etc.

etc., etc.

etc., etc.

etc., etc.

etc., etc.

etc., etc.

etc., etc.

etc., etc.

etc., etc.

etc., etc.

etc., etc.

etc., etc.

etc., etc.

etc., etc.

etc., etc.

etc., etc.

etc., etc.

etc., etc.

etc., etc.

etc., etc.

etc., etc.

etc., etc.

etc., etc.

etc., etc.

etc., etc.

etc., etc.

etc., etc.

etc., etc.

etc., etc.

etc., etc.

etc., etc.

etc., etc.

etc., etc.

etc., etc.

etc., etc.

etc., etc.

etc., etc.

etc., etc.

etc., etc.

etc., etc.

etc., etc.

etc., etc.

etc., etc.

etc., etc.

etc., etc.

etc., etc.

etc., etc.

etc., etc.

etc., etc.

etc., etc.

etc., etc.

etc., etc.

etc., etc.

etc., etc.

etc., etc.

etc., etc.

etc., etc.

etc., etc.

etc., etc.

etc., etc.

etc., etc.

etc., etc.

etc., etc.

etc., etc.

etc., etc.

etc., etc.

etc., etc.

etc., etc.

etc., etc.

etc., etc.

etc., etc.

etc., etc.

etc., etc.

etc., etc.

etc., etc.

etc., etc.

etc., etc.

etc., etc.

etc., etc.

etc., etc.

etc., etc.

etc., etc.

etc., etc.

4th

Grand Distribution

Commonwealth Distribution Co.,

\$115,400.

IN CASH PRIZES.

NOTE THE ATTRACTION!!

\$30,000 FOR ONLY \$2!

By authority of the Commonwealth of Kentucky, to take place in the City of Louisville, Ky.

On WEDNESDAY, JULY 31st, 1878.

NO SCALING! NO POSTPONEMENT!

Drawing under the immediate supervision of Colonel R. C. WINTERMITH, Ex-Treas. State of Ky., GEN'L T. A. HARRIS and GEO. E. H. GRAY.

LIST OF PRIZES.

1 Prize, \$30,000

1 Prize, 15,000

1 Prize, 5,000

5 Prizes \$1,000 each, 5,000

20 Prizes \$500 each, 10,000

9 Prizes \$300 each, Approximation Prizes, \$2,700

9 Prizes 200 each, " " 1,800

9 Prizes 100 each, " " 900

1,955 Prizes, \$115,400

Whole Tickets, \$2. Half Tickets, \$1.

Remit by Post-office Money Order, Registered Letter, Bank Draft or Express. Full list of Drawing published in Louisville Courier-Journal and New York Herald, and mailed to all ticket-holders. For tickets and information, address COMMONWEALTH DISTRIBUTION CO., or, T. J. COMMERFORD, Sec'y, Courier-Journal Building, Louisville, Ky.

Or, B. H. PORTER & CO., Eastern Agts.,

1327 Broadway, New York.



THE WIZARD COIN BOX.

Holds over \$5.00 of Silver Coin in "Half Dollars," "Quarter Dollars," "Dimes," and "Nickels."

The wizard movement of your thumb pushes the desired coin into your hand, and another one immediately takes its place. Sample handsomely plated with NICKEL SILVER, post-paid, 50 CENTS. Agents Trial Package, containing 3 Coin Boxes, for \$1.00. Agents wanted everywhere. Big Pay.

BRIDE & CO., 11 Clinton Place, New York.

The New Monthly Magazine,

FRANK LESLIE'S

Budget of Wit, Humor, Anecdote and Adventure,

For JULY is Now Ready, and For Sale at all

Newsdealers.

PRICE 15 CENTS. ANNUAL SUBSCRIPTION

\$1.50, POSTPAID.

This Magazine, which, for the variety of its contents, and its cheapness, is unequalled by any similar publication in the world, has 96 Quarto Pages, and nearly 100 Illustrations.

SEND 15 CENTS for SPECIMEN COPY.

Frank Leslie's Publishing House,

53, 55 & 57 Park Place, New York.

SURE CURE FOR CANCER! Circulars sent free.

S. C. UPHAM, 25 S. 8th St., Phila., Pa.

WHISKERS can be grown on the smoothest face in a few weeks by the use of **INGHO**, a New discovery. One bottle Free. Send stamp for particulars. INCINO CO., 264 Main St., Cincinnati, Ohio.

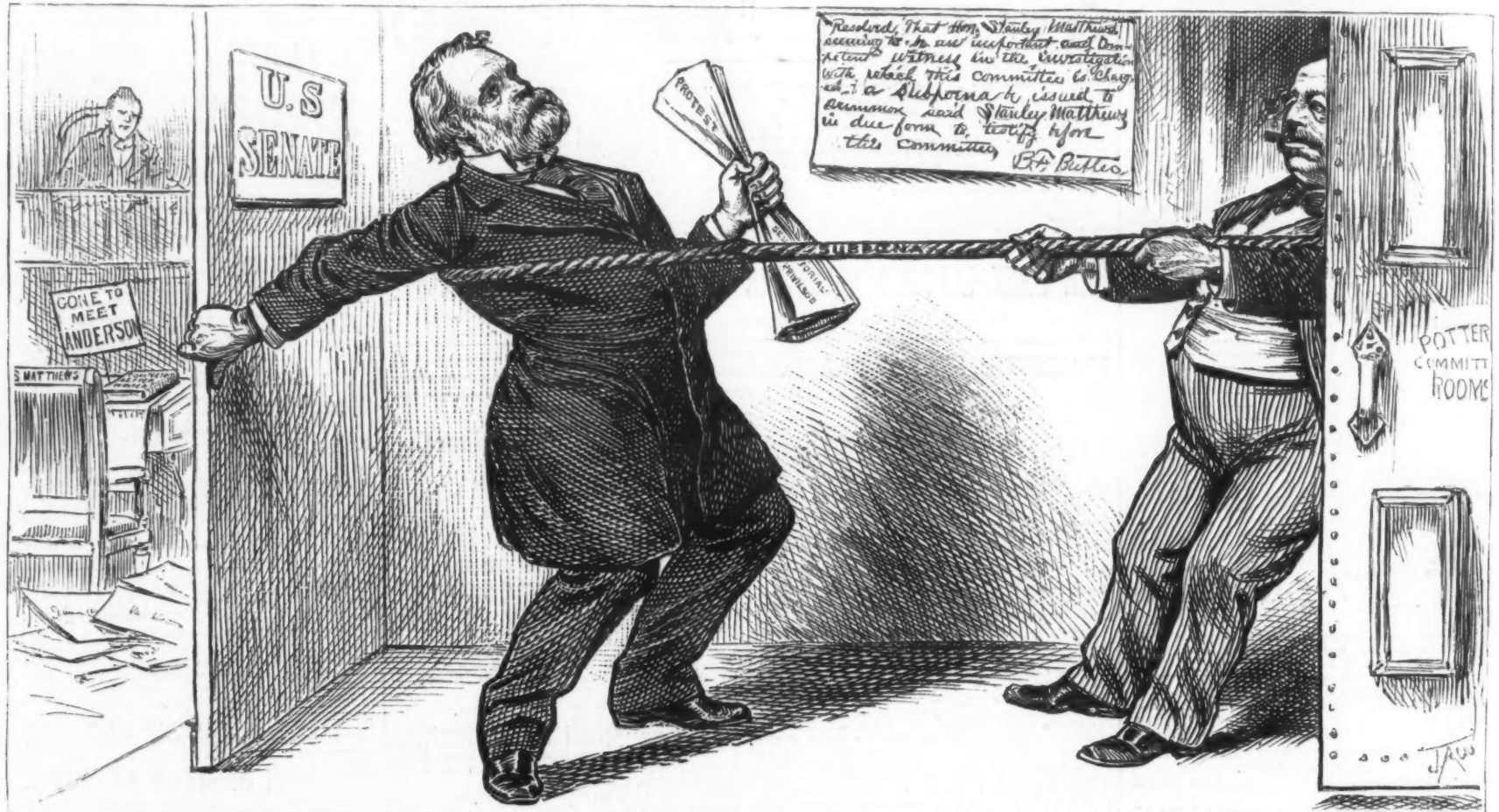
50 Perfumed Snowflake and Chromo Cards, no 2 alike, name in gold or jet, 10c. Star Card Co., Clintonville, Conn.

25 Fashionable Cards, no 2 alike, with name, 10c. postpaid. GEO. L. REED & Co., Nassau, N. Y.

65 Mixed Cards, with name, 10c. and stamp. Agt's Outfit, 10c. L. G. COE & CO., Bristol, Conn.

50 LARGE MIXED CARDS, with name, 13c. or 40 in case, 13c. Outfit, 10c. Down & Co., Bristol, Conn.

25 Styles of Cards 10c., or 10 Chromo Cards 10c. with name; Outfit 10c. J. B. Huested, Nassau, N. Y



ROPING IN A WITNESS.

BEN BUTLER.—"I have you in my grip, Mr. Matthews, and you had better come gracefully, for a fine you must!"

At the Public Stock Exchange, 44 Broad St., and 70 Broadway, New York, and 200 Montague St., Brooklyn, MESSRS. E. W. TODD & Co. will buy and sell all active Stocks at New York Stock Exchange prices, in lots of from 5 to 500 shares, on a margin of 1 per cent. Additional margins of not less than 1 per cent. will be received at any time before the stock sells regular at the margined price. Orders by mail or telegraph promptly executed.



ANTI-FAT

ALLAN'S ANTI-FAT is the great remedy for Corpulence. It is purely vegetable and perfectly harmless. It acts upon the food in the stomach, preventing its being converted into fat. Taken in accordance with directions, it will reduce a fat person from two to five pounds per week. "Corpulence is not only a disease itself, but the harbinger of others." So wrote Hippocrates two thousand years ago, and what was true then is none the less so to-day. Sold by druggists, or sent, by express, for \$1.50. Quarter-dozen \$4.00. Address, BOTANIC MEDICINE CO., Prop'rs, Buffalo, N.Y.

FRESCO STENCILS Eastlake Styles. Cheapest in the world. Send stamp for illustrated catalogue. J. Z. GIFFORD, 136 E. 28th St., New York.



Criminal Invalids.—Life and health are God's gifts, and it is a sin to imperil them by neglect. We can, if we choose, promptly relieve the disorders of the stomach, bowels, liver and nerves, which lead to chronic dyspepsia, dysentery, diarrhoea, liver complaint and paralysis, by having recourse to

Tarrant's Seltzer Aperient

It has been a proven fact for thirty years, that this wholesome and agreeable alternative will always prevent the minor ailments of the body from culminating in dangerous maladies, if administered at the proper time. Meet the first symptoms with this inestimable remedy. Self-neglect in such cases is a crime. Sold by all druggists.

Dress Goods.

WE OFFER an UNEQUALED ASSORTMENT of FRESH, SEASONABLE, RICH and ELEGANT DRESS FABRICS, Including a LARGE INVOICE of

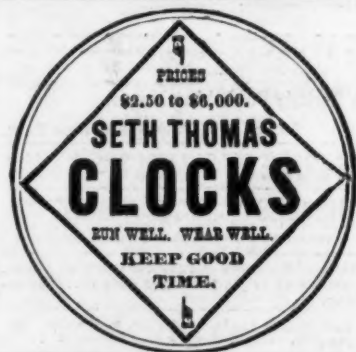
Parisian Novelties

JUST RECEIVED, together with an ENTIRELY NEW LINE of BUNTINGS, GRENADES, DENTELLES, TISSUES, ETC.,

At Special Reductions, PREPARATORY TO SEMI-ANNUAL INVENTORY.

A.T. Stewart & Co.

BROADWAY, 4th AVE., 9th & 10th STS.



BUENA SALUD COCA BITTERS,

A preparation of the celebrated Coca leaf (not cocoa), grown in Peru and Bolivia. As a tonic it is unequalled, and has the indorsement of the highest medical authorities. It is a remedy for Chills and Fever, all disorders of Digestion, Debility of the Nervous System, and Sick Headache. It is unsurpassed as a stimulant and preventer of exhaustion. ASK YOUR DRUGGIST FOR IT. QUICHUA COCA CO., 74 William Street, New York.

The Latest Sensation!

The READERS of Mrs. Metta V. Victor's

NEW NOVEL, Now in course of publication in

Frank Leslie's

CHIMNEY CORNER,

Are experiencing a series of

Thrilling Sensations from

the Startling Character of

THE TESTIMONY

OF

The Dead Witness.

This remarkable story was commenced in No. 681.

DON'T FAIL TO READ IT

Order Back Numbers from your Newsdealer.

The CHIMNEY CORNER is publishing two other admirable and peculiarly interesting Serial Novels by popular authors. Each number also contains pleasing Short Stories, Sketches, Biographies, Essays, Anecdotes, etc., etc. The Illustrations are of great artistic excellence, the subjects being exceedingly diversified.

PUBLISHED EVERY MONDAY

Price 10 cents. Annual subscription, \$4. Postpaid.

FRANK LESLIE'S PUBLISHING HOUSE,

59, 65 and 67 Park Place, New York.

IMPURE BREATH

Persons who have offensive breath, arising from a disordered stomach, catarrh, or the use of tobacco or liquor, can speedily overcome it by cleansing their teeth and rinsing their mouth daily with

SOZODONT

The Windsor Oil Stove

The only Hydrostatic Oil Stove ever made.

Scientific in Principle. Elegant in Design. Absolutely safe under all conditions.

Economical and cleanly in use. Its combustion perfect, so that it is absolutely free from smell. Other oil stoves may not explode. The WINDSOR STOVE cannot explode, which fact we guarantee. You will do well to know the merits of the Windsor Stove before purchasing. Knowing its merits, you will be satisfied with no other stove.

W. A. HULL & BRO., 35 Park Place, New York.

The Great American Fashion Journal!

Frank Leslie's

LADY'S JOURNAL.

The Handsomest Ladies' Paper Published in the United States.

Gives the earliest and most thorough descriptions and illustrations of the

LATEST FRENCH & ENGLISH STYLES

Together with full particulars of all that relates to

Ladies' and Children's Wear.

Each Number contains an interesting variety of Society News, Fashionable Intelligence, Useful Information on Domestic Subjects, Personal Chat, etc., etc. The prevailing Follies and Foibles of the day are humorously cartooned, and the pages sparkle with mirth. This periodical is, in fact, indispensable to every lady of taste and intelligence.

PUBLISHED EVERY FRIDAY.

Single copies, 10 cents; Annual subscription, \$4—postpaid.

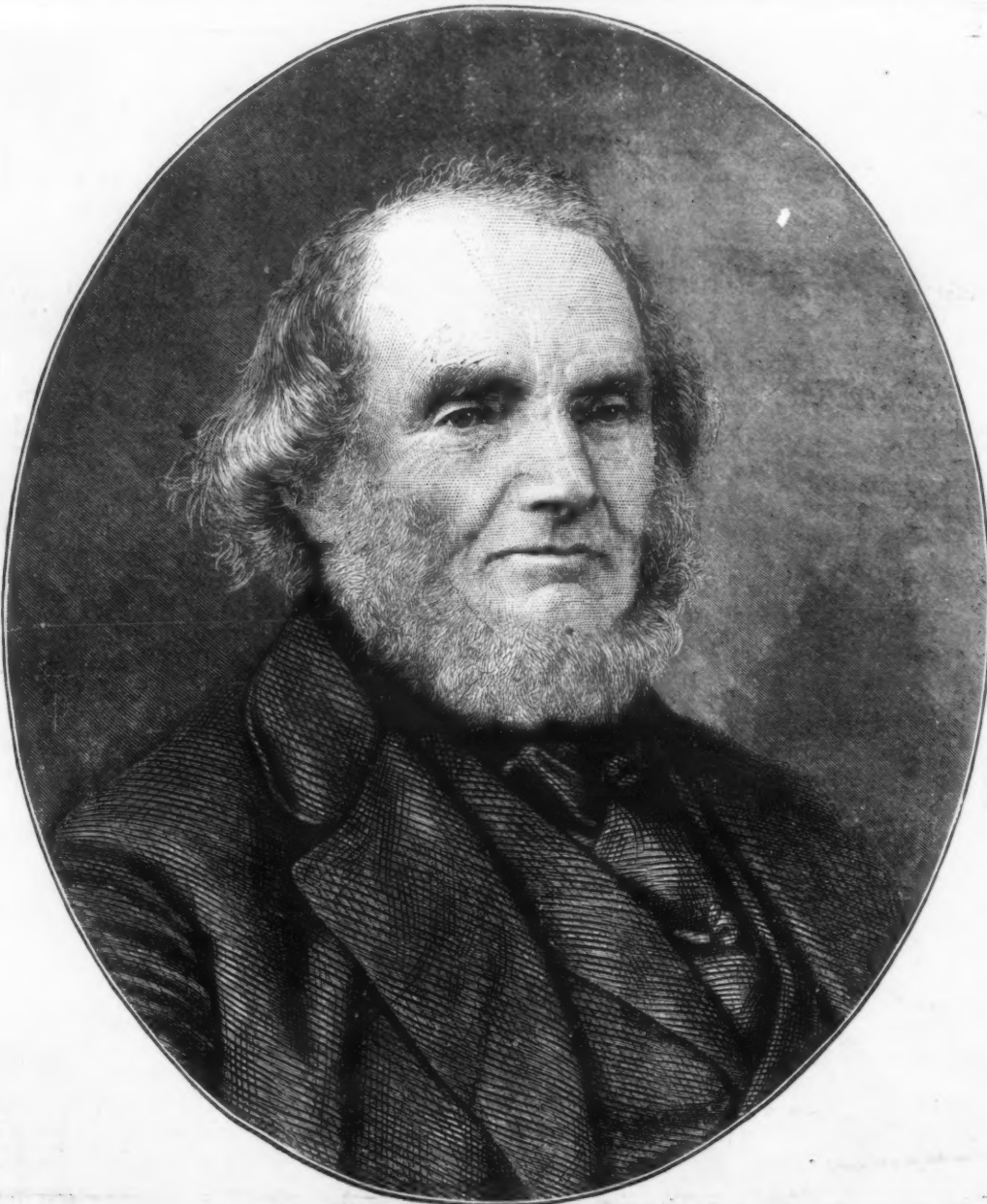
Frank Leslie's Publishing House,

59, 65 and 67 Park Place, New York.

THE LATE EARL RUSSELL.

FULL of years and honors, one of England's most illustrious statesmen has passed away. Earl Russell, or, as he was more affectionately styled, "Lord John," died on Tuesday, May 28th, after a lengthy illness. He was the third and youngest son of the sixth Duke of Bedford. Born in August, 1792, he commenced his education in a private school at Sunbury; afterwards went to Westminster School; and then, after making a tour in Spain with Lord and Lady Holland, was sent to Edinburgh to complete his studies under Professor Playfair and Dugald Stewart.

When barely of age he was elected to Parliament for the borough of Tavistock, and his maiden speech, delivered in 1814, was looked upon as an utter failure. His first great Parliamentary triumph was gained in 1828, when he carried his motion for the repeal of the Corporation and Tests Acts against the Government, who, however, found it expedient to acquiesce in the measure, and in the following year were constrained, by the growing liberality of the nation and its representatives, to assent to Catholic Emancipation, in which they were cordially supported by Lord John Russell. He at that time represented Bandon, in Ireland, for which borough he was elected at the dissolution in June, 1826. He also represented the undivided County of Devon in the unreformed Parliament, and, after the passage of the Reform Act, with which his name is indissolubly connected, he sat first for South Devon, then for Stroud, and afterwards for the City of London, retaining the seat for the last-mentioned constituency twenty years—namely, from 1841 until 1861, when he was elevated to the peerage. He was Paymaster of the Forces from 1830 to 1834; Home Secretary from 1835 to 1839; Secretary for the Colonies from 1839 to 1841; First Lord of the Treasury from 1846 to 1852; Secretary for Foreign Affairs from December, 1852, to February, 1853; held a seat in the Cabinet without office from the last date till June, 1854; was President of the Council from June, 1854, to February, 1855; Secretary for the Colonies from March to November, 1855; and was reappointed Secretary for Foreign Affairs in June, 1859. It was during Lord Russell's administration of the Foreign Office that the seizure of the two Confederate commissioners on board the *Trent* created a temporary misunderstanding between England and America. It was the opinion of the law officers of the Crown that the seizure was not justified by the law of nations, and that British honor was clearly assailed

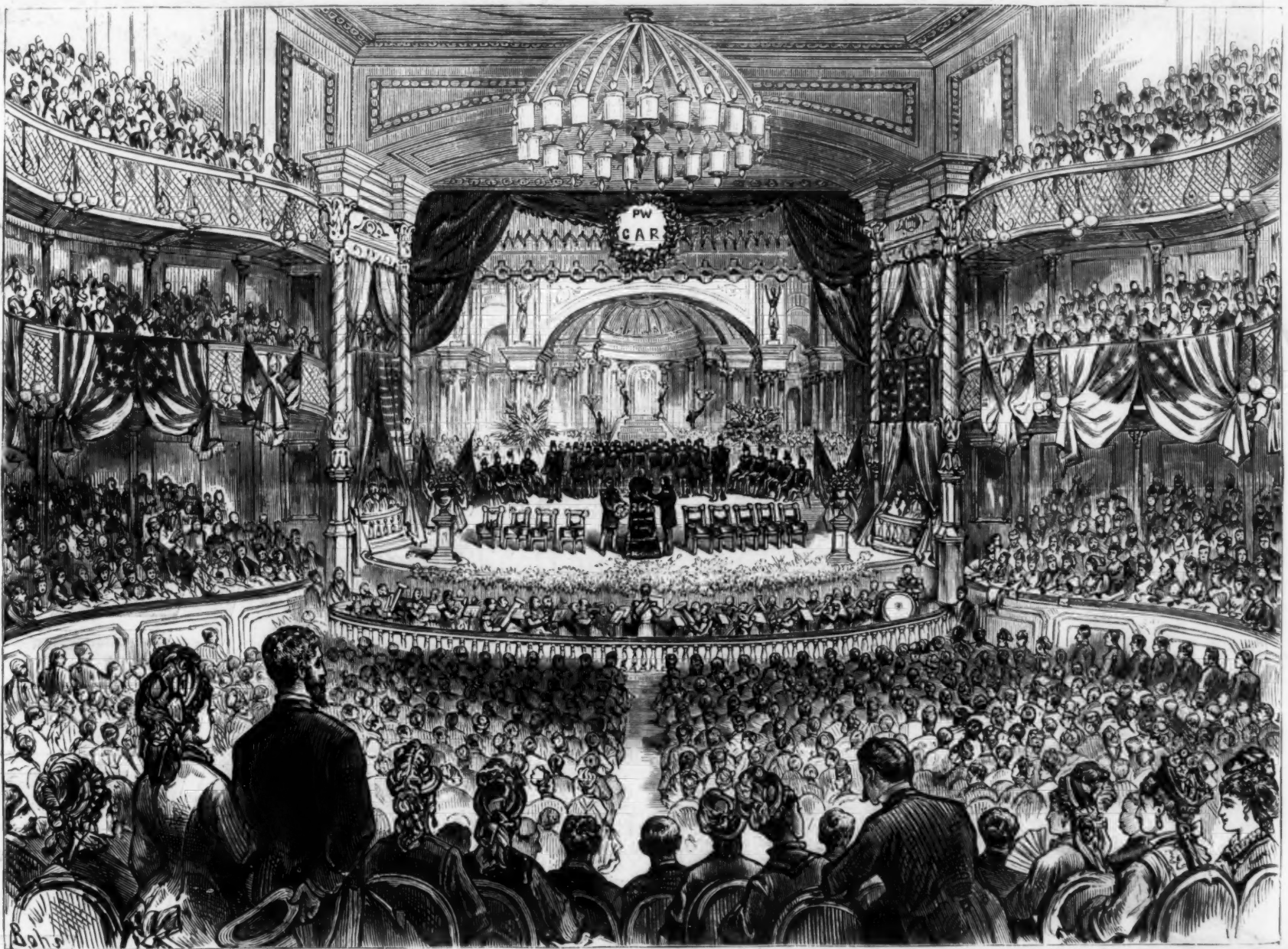


THE LATE EARL RUSSELL, EX-PRIME MINISTER OF GREAT BRITAIN.

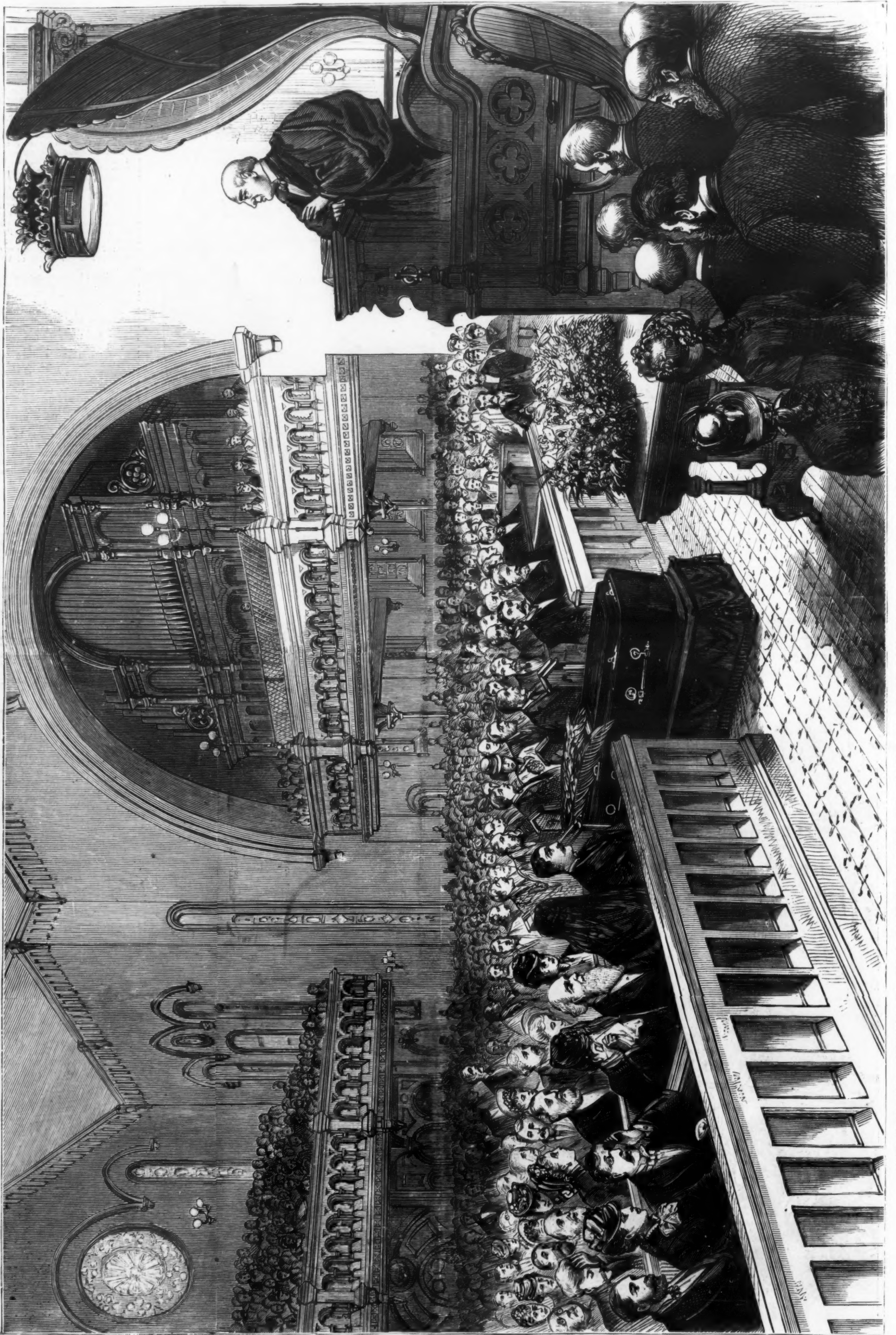
by the transaction. If reparation was promptly demanded, it was honorably granted. Lord Russell received Mr. Mason, one of the two Confederate commissioners, at his own home, but he was told that there was no case to justify the British Government in acceding to his proposals for recognition. Lord Russell declined to submit the question of the *Alabama* to arbitration. He desired assurances from Mr. Adams that the United States did not question the good faith of Great Britain—assurances which that gentleman was in no position to give. But it was not thought that Earl Russell's language on the occasion manifested a friendly feeling towards this Republic. He joined with France and Spain in the expedition to Mexico in 1862, but it being found that the English claims could be settled by negotiation, the British forces were withdrawn, together with those of Spain. Upon the death of Lord Palmerston, in October, 1865, he again became Prime Minister, and finally retired from office in June, 1866, on defeat of the Reform Bill in the House of Commons.

Earl Russell was also a voluminous writer. In early life he wrote two tragedies, "Don Carlos" and "Caius Gracchus," and amongst his later works may be mentioned the "Life of Lord William Russell," "Life and Times of Charles James Fox," "Memorials and Correspondence of Fox," and his semi-autobiographical sketch entitled "Recollections and Suggestions," besides innumerable essays and letters on all kinds of political subjects. The late Earl was twice married: first to the widow of the second Lord Ribblesdale, which lady died in 1838; and, secondly, to the daughter of the second Earl of Minto. By the first marriage his lordship had two daughters, and by the second a family of three sons and one daughter. His eldest son, Viscount Amberley, who was remarkable for his advanced opinions, died about two years ago; and the earldom, therefore, descends to his grandson, a youth of thirteen, who is now at Cheam School. It is curious that within the last few months have occurred the deaths of three celebrated personages in widely different lines of life—all of whom were born in the year 1792. The first was that of George Cruikshank, the world-famed artist and engraver; the second that of Pope Pius IX.; and the third that of this eminent statesman, whose name will ever hold a high place in the pages of English history.

The British Government tendered Lady Russell a public funeral, but she declined in deference to the expressed wish of the deceased.



MARYLAND.—MEMORIAL SERVICES OF THE GRAND ARMY OF THE REPUBLIC FOR DECEASED COMRADES, AT FORD'S OPERA HOUSE, BALTIMORE, JUNE 4TH.—SEE PAGE 283.



NEW YORK CITY.—OBSEQUIES OF THE LATE WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.—REV. DR. BELLOW'S DELIVERING THE FUNERAL ORATION IN ALL SOULS' CHURCH, JUNE 14TH.—SEE FRONT PAGE.



INTERIOR VIEW OF THE LIBRARY.



VIEW OF THE HOUSE AND GROUNDS FROM THE LAKE.



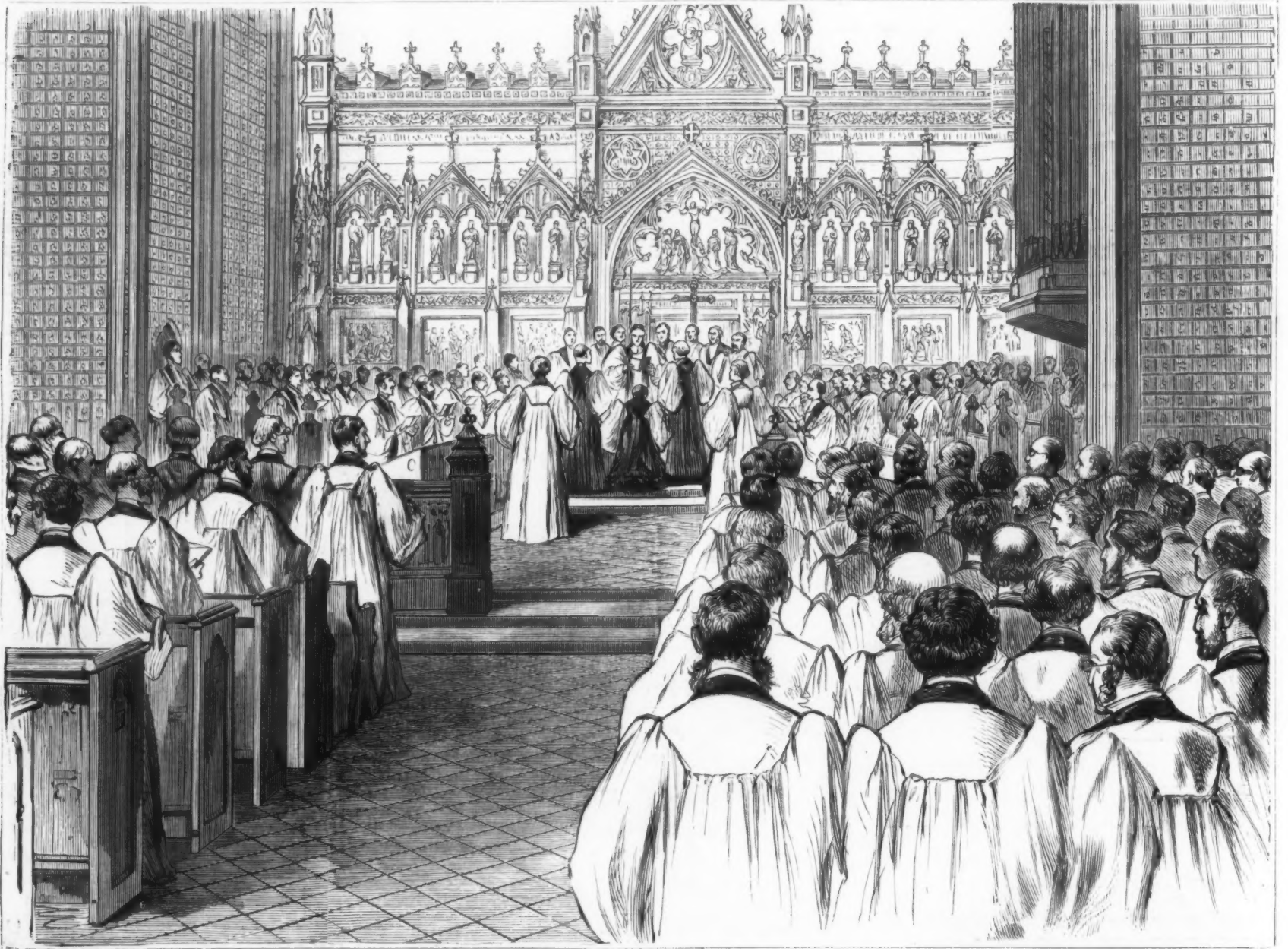
THE SUMMER HOUSE AND MILL.



INTERMENT OF THE REMAINS OF THE DECEASED IN THE VILLAGE CEMETERY, JUNE 14TH.

NEW YORK.—SCENES AT THE COUNTRY HOME OF THE LATE WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT, CEDARMERE, ROSLYN, L. I.—SEE FRONT PAGE.

NEW YORK CITY.—OBSEQUIES OF THE LATE WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.—REV. DR. BELL'S DELIVERING THE FUNERAL



NEW YORK CITY.—CONSECRATION OF REV. DR. GEORGE F. SEYMOUR AS BISHOP OF THE EPISCOPAL DIOCESE OF SPRINGFIELD, ILL., IN TRINITY CHURCH, JUNE 10TH.—SEE PAGE 282.

THE LATE SENOR FREYRE,

PERUVIAN MINISTER TO THE UNITED STATES.

COLONEL DON MANUEL FREYRE, Envoy Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary from Peru to the United States, died at his residence in Washington, D. C., on Sunday evening, June 9th. He was born in Lima, the capital of his country, in 1815, of a very distinguished family. After having received a university education, the late Minister was sent to the military school, from which he graduated in 1833, to enter the army as an ensign. He remained in active service in the cavalry branch for many years, attaining the rank of colonel. In 1847 he was made Inspector-General of the Army, and also given the portfolio of the Ministry of War and Marine. For ten years he was a prefect in the principal departments of Peru, was twice Minister of War, once in charge of the Interior Department, and served both as a Deputy and a Senator. In 1864, when the relations between Spain and Peru were interrupted, Señor Freyre was appointed Envoy to the United States of Colombia, and shortly after his representative functions were extended so as to embrace Venezuela, which country he left to enter upon the duties of Minister to the United States at Washington. In the conference of plenipotentiaries held in Washington for the purpose of settling, in a definite manner, the questions pending between Spain and the allied republics of the Pacific, he represented not only Peru, but Bolivia also, having been honored



THE LATE SENOR FREYRE, PERUVIAN MINISTER TO THE UNITED STATES.



MAX HODEL, WHO ATTEMPTED THE ASSASSINATION OF THE EMPEROR OF GERMANY AT BERLIN, MAY 11TH.—SEE PAGE 283.

by the Government of the latter by the bestowal of full power to act in its behalf. His death created much surprise among his acquaintances, as it was not known that he had been ill.

M. LEON CHOTTEAU.

M. LEON CHOTTEAU, who came to the United States last Winter for the purpose of procuring the co-operation of our leading Boards of Trade with an organization of French gentlemen now laboring to secure the adoption of a commercial treaty between France and the United States, took his departure from New York on June



M. LEON CHOTTEAU, SPECIAL COMMERCIAL AGENT FROM FRANCE TO THE UNITED STATES.—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY NICH BROS., WASHINGTON, D. C.

12th. During his sojourn in this country he has visited, upon invitation, the Chamber of Commerce, the Board of Trade, or other commercial headquarters, of every city of importance, each section expressing the heartiest sympathy for his mission. Throughout the South and West, as well as in California, his reception vastly exceeded his anticipations. The first step in the scheme, which he has elaborated in the clearest terms, will be the holding of a Congress in Paris on the 7th of August next to frame a treaty which shall be submitted subsequently to the Governments of both countries for adoption or rejection. This Congress is to be composed of one hundred delegates, fifty from each country. The following cities will each send five delegates: New York, Philadelphia, Boston, Baltimore, St. Louis, Chicago, Cincinnati, Washington, New Orleans and San Francisco. Those from this city have not been appointed as yet, and before the names are selected a meeting of business men will probably be called. The duty of naming the New York delegates was left with Elliot C. Cowdin and Jackson S. Schultz, but Mr. Schultz has written to Secretary Evarts, stating that in his opinion the best way to secure satisfactory representatives would be to have the American Minister to France select them from among the Americans at present in Europe. This letter was forwarded to Minister Noyes by Secretary Evarts, with the request that the former state his views on the subject.

M. Chotteau succeeded in interesting the President and several Senators and Representatives on the subject before his departure.